

POEMS BY
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



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From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

POEMS

BY
JAMES RUSSELL
LOWELL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
HILAIRE BELLOC

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INTRODUCTION

to satisfying and fulfilling the mould upon which the artistic creation was conceived. Lines of this sort become the permanent quotations of a language and it is worth remembering that they do not proceed from the greater writers alone but also from the lesser so true is this that in more than one case the author of such lines has been completely forgotten and in many cases remains wholly unknown to the culture of his race.

John P
Robinson he
Says they didn't know everything down
in Judee

is a quotation certainly permanent

The silent headman waits for ever

applied as a metaphor to the self punishment of crime has the same character. It is used foolishly in the poem *Villa Franca* of a subject which a man in Lowell's position could not understand, but the excellence of the line does not depend upon the knowledge or ignorance of the poet though it *does* depend (and this brings me to my next point) it does depend to no small extent upon the virtue of the writer.

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This last assertion—that artistic excellence depends to no small extent upon the virtue of the writer—is a doctrine that needs some defence even at the present day. A few years ago it might (in England) have seemed mere paradox, yet it is a sound doctrine, and one which has behind it the common sense and experience of mankind. It has been most nobly expressed perhaps in the immortal couplet of Ronsard¹. It has been put forward as a philosophic truth by Aristotle himself, and it is a matter capable of continual test in contemporary literature: not that mere virtue is a seed of good verse or prose, but that virtue or virtuous emotion of a certain intensity is potentially full of high expression, and, conversely, without any doubt an imagination tarnished by an opposition to virtue is to that extent warped in artistic expression. There is no permanently satisfying poem or essay in defence of or tainted with cowardice, cruelty, avarice, or hypocrisy. The moment such motives appear in a composition an irritant appears along with them which destroys its flavour. Nor is it possible to achieve

1 " Ceux dont la Fantaisie
Sera religieuse et devote envers Dieu
Tousjours acheveront quelque grant Poesie "

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excellence in such a direction save under the safeguard of irony and the necessity of that irony is proof that direct expression of such emotions is not matter for art.

Now James Russell Lowell though intent upon matters very remote from us was not only frequently filled, and to an intense degree with just emotions but was evidently possessed of a passion to have those emotions satisfied. This is that driving force which Our Lord (according to the tradition of the Church) blessed under the title "a hunger and thirst after justice" or some such words—at least this is the form which Episcopal councils have sanctioned.

Many reading this may be inclined to quarrel with so high a praise. They will point out that Lowell was almost invariably upon what is to us in Europe the wrong side. That he had with regard to our affairs in France and Italy and Ireland and the rest a monstrous newspaper manufactured opinion. His Irishman for instance is the comic Irishman of *Snapshots*. His French revolution resembles that of Mr Arnold Forster. His English man is a Yankee. I can imagine a critic exclaiming "But good heavens! the man thought that Napoleon III was in league with the Jesuits!" or again "But good

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heavens! the man was taken in by our governing classes' sudden conversion and their hugging of the North when the South was hopelessly beaten!" Perfectly true. But a virtuous emotion is quite independent of information upon the subject of its affection, and that "hunger and thirst after justice" can but act upon symbols in the mind. If a man *thinks* the things are thus and thus, and thinking so takes the right line, it matters nothing to his soul nor anything consequently to his literary production whether they *are* thus and thus or no. His conscience has acted upon the facts presented to his intelligence, and it could do no more.

Attached to this erroneous form of civil against Lowell and men like Lowell is a much truer exception which is sometimes taken to such men and their work. How, it may be asked, can good verse proceed from one who, though possessing the emotions just described, and to an intense degree, is also affected with mental vices utterly inimical to poetic effort? It is evident that Lowell suffered from two vices (among others) which are as disastrous to poetic inspiration as they are to the allied enthusiasm of military valour. These are, *first*, the vice so wittily hit off by Butler

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as compounding for sins one is inclined to by damning those one has no mind to *secondly* the hatred of that which one has defeated and the respect of that which has defeated oneself Both emotions are rooted to the same religion and philosophy both are despicable and both servile Those who can savour striking verse will not despise the antepenultimate stanza of the tenth Biglow paper

My eyes cloud up for rain; my mouth
Will take to twitchin' round the corners;
I pity mothers, in, down South
For all they sot among the acorners;
I'd sooner take my chance and stan
At Judgment where your meanest slave is,
Then at God's belt hol' up a han
Es drippin' red ez yours Jeff Davis!

It is striking verse, but we in Europe feel how revolting is that last allusion to the defeated cause and to the heroic tenacity of its chiefs.

The poem is a fine poem from beginning to end It is so fine that any reader unacquainted with the main facts of history might pass by the line in question without comment and imagine Mr Davis to have been some traitor upon the Northern side whose treason had prolonged the war

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mutton fat popped into the mouth by mistake for a new potato

Here it is—

“ Old events have modern meanings, only that survives

Of past history which finds kindred in all hearts and lives ”

Scansion, sentiment, choice of words, order, everything, are things to groan at! Here is another

“ Then the revulsion came that always comes
After these dizzy elations of the mind ’

It is from that long poem on the Cathedral of Chartres, which from respect for him and for the reader I have omitted from this collection

He was always at it But my answer to those who might choose to quote the innumerable occasions upon which Lowell was thus guilty is to quote another stanza, and to beg their close attention upon it It is from the famous *Ode to France*

“ As, flake by flake, the beetling avalanches
Build up their imminent crags of noiseless snow,
Till some chance thrill the loosened ruin launches,
In unwarned havoc on the roofs below,

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So grew and gathered through the silent
years
The madness of a people.

Here again the history is deplorable—but much of the verse is excellent. That very poem of *The Cathedral* from which I have quoted that amazing couplet has embedded in its monstrous bulk eleven austere words that do not miss their mark.

A shape of vapour mother of vain dreams
And mutinous traditions.

Lowell indeed was possessed (though not to a high degree nor upon frequent occasions) of that gift which his fellow countryman Longfellow remarkably enjoyed the gift of detecting while a poem is still in formation within the mind, short groups of rhythm and of verbal arrangement which will satisfy the genius of the language. It was this that led him as it led Wordsworth to lift unconsciously a whole line out of another poem. But at least Lowell did put in one new word. "I have loved thee Freedom as a boy" is not absolutely identical with Byron whereas the chunk of Milton in Wordsworth's *Excursion* (I think) is literally exact. It is a debatable point whether it is well or ill

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to be slightly original in efforts of this kind

Lastly, how much of Lowell will survive? To this no answer can be given. There are poets so long dead, and with reputations so mature, that, big or little, they must necessarily endure with the language in which they wrote. There are others so universally praised during so sufficient a time that one may be certain of their endurance also, as Keats and André Chénier. There are others again who, though they be but recently dead (or even still living), are by the bulk and solidity of their contemporary fame secure. Thus Byron, Victor Hugo, Dryden, Corneille could justly be thought immortal before they died. There are others, a very few, who gradually grow to fame long after death. Their quality always secures them a band of enthusiasts from the beginning. Lowell, of course, belongs to none of these, but the chances for and against his survival may be summed up, though no issue may be arrived at. They are as follows —

Against him that he wrote such masses below the level even of mere verse, that much of his best stuff was written in dialect, and worst of all that the illusions, a sympathy with which made so many

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readers sympathetic with his verse good or bad are already moribund. The fond picture nourished for a whole generation in Cambridge Massachusetts, in Balham and in no small section of the university of Oxford has faded. The future is not to the middle classes of the puritan states of New England nor to the residential suburbs of our industrial hells. The future is to the victor in a struggle of proportions quite beyond any scale with which men like Lowell could measure—a struggle in which the opponents of the Catholic Church for instance, will not worry about enlightenment nor waste much time in speechifying before Garibaldi a struggle in which the opponents of private property in land and machiery will not waste much ink over the Prince of Peace. Lowell is handicapped by his being immersed in interests that were always petty and seem to-day ridiculous. He was further handicapped by that fundamental ignorance of history which is to a politician the most fatal lacuna in knowledge because history is the science of mankind.

On the other hand he has provided quotations fairly fixed in the language, and his is the principal popular commentary upon the destruction of the old English

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civilization of the Southern States of America, a catastrophe which, whatever be the fate of the cosmopolitan North in the future, will always possess historical interest as one of the three or four great National Tragedies of the nineteenth century

H. BELLOC

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"Thrash away,
you'll hev to
rattle"



Thrash away you'll *hev* to rattle
On them kittle-drums o' yourn —
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
That is ketched with mouldy corn
Put in stuff you fiser feller
Let folks see how spry you be —
Guess you'll tost till you are yellor
'Fore you git ahold o' me!

That air flag's a leetle rotten,
Hope it ain't your Sunday's best —
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
To stuff out a soger's chest
Sence we farmers hev to pay fer't,
Ef you must wear humps like these
S'posn you should try salt hay fer't
It would du ez allick ez grease.

'Twouldn't suit them Southun sellers
They're a drestle graspin' set

“THRASH AWAY

We must ollers blow the bellers
Wen they want their irons het,
May be it's all right ez preachin',
But my naves it kind o' grates,
Wen I see the overreachin'
O' them nigger-drivin' States

Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,
Hain't they cut a thunderin' swarth
(Helped by Yankee renegaders),
Thru the vartu o' the North!
We begin to think it's nater
To take sarse an' not be riled,—
Who'd expect to see a tater
All on cend at bein' biled?

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat,
I don't want to go no fuder
Than my Testyment fer that,
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God

'Tain't your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'Taint afollerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight,

YOU LL HEV TO RATTLE

Ef you take a sword an dror it,
An go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it
God'll send the bill to you.

Wut's the use o meetin'-goin
Every Sabbath wet or dry
Ef it's right to go amowin
Feller-men like oats an rye?
I dunno but wut it's pooty
Trainin round in bobtail coats —
But it's curus Christian dooty
This ere cuttin folks's throats.

They may talk o Freedom's airy
Tell they're pupple in the face —
It's a grand gret cemetary
Fer the barthrights of our race
They jest want this Californy
Sos to lug new slave-states in
To abuse ye an to scorn ye
An to plunder ye like sin.

Ain't It cute to see a Yankee
Take sech everlastin pains,
All to git the Deville thankee
Helpin on em weld their chains?
Wy it's jest ez clear ez figgers
Clear ez one an one make two,

"THRASH AWAY

Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers
Want to make wite slaves o' you

Tell ye jest the cend I've come to
Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
Any gump could larn by heart,
Labourin' man an' labourin' woman
Hev one glory an' one shame
Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same

'Tain't by turnin' out to hack folks
You're agoin' to git your right,
Nor by lookin' down on black folks
Coz you're put upon by wite,
Slavery ain't o' nary colour,
'Tain't the hide thet makes it wus,
All it keers fer in a feller
'S jest to make him fill its pus

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye? e
I expect you'll hev to wait,
Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye
You'll begin to kal'late,
S'pose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
All the carkiss from your bones,
Coz you helped to give a lickin'
To them poor half-Spanish drones?

YOU LL HEV TO RATTLE"

Jest go home an ask our Nancy
Wether I d be sech a goose
Er to jine ye,—gueses you d fancy
The etarnal bung wux loose!
She wants me fer home consumption
Let alone the hay's to mow —
Ef you're arter folks o gumption
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet's crowin
Like a cockerel three months old —
Don't ketch any on em goin
Though they be so blasted bold
Aint they a prime lot o fellers?
Fore they thlak on't they will sprout
(Like a peach thet's got the yellars)
With the meanness hustin out.

Wal go 'long to help em stealin
Bigger pens to cram with slaves
Help the men thet's ollers dealin •
Insults on your fathers graves
Help the strong to grind the feeble
Help the many agin the few
Help the men thet call your people
Witowashed slaves an poddlun crew!

Massachusetts God forgive her
Sho's akneelin' with the rest

“THRASH AWAY

She, thet ough' to hr' clung fer ever
In her grand old eagle-nest,
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
Wile the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world'

Hain't they sold your coloured scamen?
Hain't they made your env'ys wuz?
Wut'll make ye act like freemen?
Wut'll git your dander riz?
Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'
Is our dooty in this fix,
They'd ha' done't ez quick ez winkin'
In the days o' seventy-six

Clang the bells in every steeple,
Call all true men to disown
The tradoozers of our people,
The enslavers o' their own,
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
Put the trumpet to her mouth,
Let her ring this messidge loudly
In the ears of all the South —

“I'll return ye good fer evil
Much ez we frail mortils can,
But I wun't go help the Devil
Makin' man the cus' o' man,

YOU LL HEV TO RATTLE

Call me coward, call me traiter
Jest ez suits your mean idees —
Here I stand a tyrant-hater
An the friend o' God an' Peace!"

Ef I d my way I hed ruther
We should go to work an' part
They take one way we take t' other
Guess it wouldn't break my heart
Man hed ough to put asunder
Them thet God has noways jined
An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
Ef there s thousands o' my mind.

This kind o' sogerin'



A LETTER FROM MR
B SAWIN, PRIVATE IN
THE MASSACHUSETTS
REGIMENT

This kind o' sogerin' ain't a mite like our
October trainin',
A chap could clear right out from there
ef't only looked like rainin',
An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver up their
shappoes with bandanners,
An' send the insines skootin' to the bar-
room with their banners
(Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted), an' a
feller could cry quarter
Ef he fired away his ramrod arter tu
much rum an' water
Recollect wut fun we hed, you 'r' I an'
Ezry Hollis,
Up there to Waltham plain last fall,
along o' the Cornwallis?
This sort o' thing ain't *jest* like thet,—I
wish thet I wuz funder,—
Nimepunce a day fer killin' folks comes
kind o' low fer murder,

THIS KIND O' SOGERIN

(W'y I've worked out to slarterin some
fer Deacon Cephas Billins,
An in the hardest times there wuz I
ollers totched ten shillins,)
There's suttthin gits into my throat thet
makes it hard to swaller
It comes so nateral to think about a
hempen collar
It's glory — but in spite o' all my tryin
to git callous,
I feel a kind o' in a cart aridin to the
gallus.
But wen it comes to ~~ben~~ killed, — I tell
ye I felt streaked
The fust time't ever I found out w'y
baggonets wuz peaked
Here's how it waz I started out to go
to a fandango
The sentinul he ups an sez Thet's
further an you can go,"
None o' your sarse " sez I sez he
Stan back!" An't you a buster?"
Sez I I'm up to all thet air I guess
I've ben to muster
I know w'y sentinuls air sot you ain't
agoin to eat us
Caleb haint no monopoly to court the
segnoreetas
My folks to hum air full ez good ez huan
be by golly!"

THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

An' so ez I wuz goin' by, not thinkin'
wut would folly,
The everlastin' cus he stuck his one-
pronged pitchfork in me
An' made a hole right thru my close
ez ef I wuz an in'my

Wal, it beats all how big I felt hoorawin'
in ole Funnel
Wen Mister Bolles he gin the sword
to our Leftenant Cunnle,
(It's Mister Secondary Bolles, thet writ
the prize peace essay,
Thet's wy he didn't list himself along
o' us, I dessay,)
An' Rantoul, tu, talked pooty loud, but
don't put *his* foot in it,
Coz human life's so sacred that he's
principled agin it,—
Though I myself can't rightly see it's any
wus achokin' on 'em,
Than puttin' bullets thru their lghts, or
with a bagnet pokin' on 'em,
How dreffle slick he reeled it off (like
Blitz at our lyceum
Ahaulin' ribbins from his chops so quick
you skeercely see 'em),
About the Anglo-Saxon race (an' saxons
would be handy

THIS KIND O' SOGERIN

To du the buryin down here upon the
Rio Grandy)

About our patriotic pas an our star
spangled banner

Our country's bird alookin on an singin
out hosanner

An how he (Mister B himself) wuz happy
fer Ameriky —

I felt ez mster Patience sez, a leetle mite
histericky

I felt, I swon, ez though it wuz a dresfille
kind o privilege

Atrampin round thru Boston streets
among the gutter's drivelage

I act'ly thought it wuz a treat to hear
a little drummin

An it did bohfydy seem millanyum wuz
acomin

Wen all on us got suits (darned like them
wore in the state prison)

An every feller felt ez though all Mexico
wuz hlsn.

This 'ere's about the meanest place a
skunk could wal diskiver

(Saltillo's Mexican I b'lieve fer wut we
call Salt-river)

The sort o trash a feller gits to eat
doos beat all nater

THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

I'd give a year's pay fer a smell o' one
good blue-nose tater,
The country here thet Mister Bolles de-
clared to be so charmin'
Throughout is swarinin' with the most
alarmin' kind o' varmin
He talked about delishis froots, but then
it wuz a wopper all,
The holl on't 's mud an' prickly pears,
with here an' there a chapparal,
You see a feller peekin' out, an', fust
you know, a lariat
Is round your throat an' you a copse,
'fore you can say, "Wut air ye at?"
You never see sech darned gret bugs (it
may not be irrelevant
To say I've seen a *scarabeus pilularius*
big ez a year old elephant),
The rigiment come up one day in time
to stop a red bug
From runnin' off with Cunnle Wright,
—'twuz jest a common *cimex lectu-*
larius

One night I started up on eend an'
thought I wuz to hum agin,
I heern a horn, thinks I it's Sol the
fisherman hez come agin,
His bellowses is sound enough,—ez I'm
a livin' creeter,

THIS KIND O' SOGERIN

I felt a thing go thru my leg — twuz
nothin' more'n a skeeter!
Then there's the yaller fever 'n' they call
it here el vomito —
(Come, that won't do you landerab there
I tell ye to be go my toe!
My gracious! it's a scorpion thet's took a
shine to play with't
I dar'n't skeer the tarmal thing fer fear
hed run away with't.)
Afore I come away from hum I hed
a strong persuasion
Thet Mexicans worn't human beans — an
ourang-outang nation,
A sort o' folks a chap could kill an never
dream on't arter
No more'n a feller'd dream o' pigs thet
he hed hed to slarter;
I d an idee thet they were built arter the
darkie fashion all,
An kickin' coloured folks about you
know 's a kind o' national;
But wen I jined I worn't so wise ez thet
air queen o' Sheby
Fer come to look at em they ain't much
diff'rent from wut we be
An here we air ascroutin' em out o'
thir own dominions
Ashelterin' em ez Caleb sez, under our
eagle's pilions

THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

Wich means to take a feller up just by
the slack o''s trowsis
An' walk him Spanish clean right out o'
all his homes an' houses,
Wal, it doos seem a curus way, but then
hooraw fer Jackson'
It must be right, fer Caleb sez it's reg'lar
Anglo-Saxon
The Mex'cans don't fight fair, they say,
they piz'n all the water,
An' du amazin' lots o' things thet isn't
wut they ough' to,
Bein' they hain't no lead, they make their
bullets out o' copper
An' shoot the darned things at us, tu,
wich Caleb sez ain't proper,
He sez they'd ough' to stán' right up an'
let us pop 'em fairly
(Guess wen he ketches 'em at thet he'll
hev to git up airly),
Thet our nation's bigger'n theirn an' so
its rights air bigger,
An' thet it's all to make 'em free thet
we air pullin' trigger,
Thet Anglo-Saxondom's idee's abreakin'
'em to pieces,
An' thet idee's thet every man doos jest
wut he damn pleases,
Ef I don't make his meanin' clear, per-
haps in some respex I can,

THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

I know that every man" don't mean
a nigger or a Mexican
An there's another thing I know an thet
is ef these creeturs
Thet stick an Anglo-Saxon mask onto
State prison feetur
Should come to Jaalam Centre fer to
argify an spout on't
The gals ould count the silver spoons the
minnit they cleared out on't

This goin ware glory waits ye hain't one
agreeable feetur
An ef it worn't fer wakin snakes I'd
home agin short meter
O wouldn't I be off quick time ef't
worn't thet I wuz sartin
They'd let the daylight into me to pay
me fer desertin'
I don't approve o tellin tales but jest to
you I may state
Our ossifers ain't wut they wuz afore they
left the Bay State
Then it wuz Mister Sawin sir you're
middlin well now be ye?
Step up an take a nipper sir I'm drestle
glad to see ye "
But now its Ware's my eppyet? here
Sawin, step an fetch it!

THIS KIND O' SOGERIN'

An' mind your eye, be thund'rin' spry, or,
damn ye, you shall ketch it!"

Wal, ez the Doctor sez, some pork will
bile so, but by mighty,

Ef I hed some on 'em to hum, I'd give
'em linkum vity,

I'd play the rogue's march on their hides
an' other music follerin'—

But I must close my letter here, fer one
on 'em's ahollerin',

These Anglo-Saxon ossifers,—wal, 'tain't
no use ajawin',

I'm safe enlisted fer the war,

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDOM SAWIN

What Mr Robinson Thinks



Guvener B is a sensible man

He stays to his home an looks arter
his folks

He draws his furrer ez straight ez he
can

An into nobody's tater-patch pokes

But John P

Robinson he

Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B

My! ain't it terrible? Wat shall we du?

We can't never chooso him o course —
thev's flat

Guess we shall hev to come round (don't
you?)

An go in fer thunder an guns an all
that

Fer John P

Robinson he

Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B.

WHAT MR ROBINSON THINKS

General C is a drestle smart man

He's ben on all sides thet give places or
pelf,

But consistency still wuz a part of his
plan,—

He's ben true to *one* party,—an' thet
is himself,—

So John P

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer General C

General C he goes in fer the war,

He don't vally princerple more'n an old
cud,

Wut did God make us raytional creeturs
fer,

But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' '
blood?

So John P

Robinson he

Sez he shall vote fer General C

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our
village,

With good old idees o' wut's right an'
wut ain't,

We kind o' thought Christ went agin
war an' pillage,

An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark
of a saint,

WHAT MR ROBINSON THINKS

But John P
Robinson he
Sez this kind o things an exploded
idee.

The side of our country must others be
took,
An President Polk, you know *he* is
our country
An the angel that writes all our sins in
a book
Puts the *debit* to him an to us the *per*
contry

An John P
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o the thing to a
T

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts
lies
Sez they're nothin on airth but jest *fee*
factum
An that all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ignorance, an t'other half
rum

But John P
Robinson he
Sez it ain't no sech thing an of
course so must we

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his
life

Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their
swaller-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum
an' a fife,

To git some on 'em office, an' some on
'em votes,

But John P

Robinson he

Sez they didn't know everythin' down
in Judee

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell
us

The rights an' the wrongs o' these
matters, I vow,—

God sends country lawyers, an' other wise
fellers,

To start the world's team wen it gits
in a slough,

Fer John P

Robinson he

Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers
out Gee!

No? Hez he?
He haint,
though?



REMARKS OF INCREASE
D. O'FLACE, ESQUIRE, AT
AN EXTREME CAUCUS
IN STATE STREET RE-
PORTED BY MR. E. BUCKLOW

No? Hez he? He haint, though? Wut?
Voted agin him?

Ef the bird of pur country could ketch
him, shed skin him

I seem s though I see her with wrath in
each quill,

Like a chancery lawyer afilen her bill

An grindin her talents ex sharp ez all nater

To pounce like a writ on the back o the
traitor

Forgive me, my friends, ef I seem to be het

But a crisis like this must with vigour
be met

Wen an Arnold the star-spangled banner
bestains,

Holl Fourth o Julys seem to bile in my
veins.

Who ever'd ha' thought sech a pisonous
rig

Would be run by a chap thet wuz chose
fer a Wig?

"We knowed wut his princerples wuz 'fore
we sent him"?

Wut wuz there in them from this vote to
pervent him?

A marciful Providunce fashioned us holler
O' purpose thet we might our princerples
swaller,

It can hold any quantity on 'em, the
belly can,

An' bring 'em up ready fer use like the
pelican,

Or more like the kangaroo, who (wich is
stranger)

Puts her family into her pouch wen
there's danger

Ain't princerple precious? then, who's
goin' to use it

Wen there's resk o' some chap's gittin'
up to abuse it?

I can't tell the wy on't, but nothin' is *so* sure
Ez thet princerple kind o' gits spiled by
exposure,

A man thet lets all sorts o' folks git a
sight on't

Ough' to hev it all toek right away,
every mite on't,

HE HAIN T THOUGH?

Ef he can't keep it all to himself wen it s
wise to

He ain't one it s fit to trust nothin so
nice to.

Besides, ther's a wonderful power in
latitude

To shift a man s moral relations an atti
tude

Some flossifers think that a fakkilty's
granted

The minnit it s proved to be thoroughly
waited

Thet a change o demand makes a change
o condition

An thet everything s nothin except by
position

Ex, fer instance thet rubber trees fust
begun bearin

Wen p'litikle conshunses come into wearin

Thet the fears of a monkey whose bolt
chanced to fall

Drowed the vertibry out to a prehensile
tail

So wen one s chose to Congress ez soon
ez he s in it,

A collar grows right round his neck in a
minnit,

An sartin it is thet a man cannot be
strict

NO? HEZ HE?

In bein' himself, wen he gits to the Dee-
strict,
Fer a coat thet sets wal here in ole Mas-
sachusetts,
Wen it gits on to Washinton, somehow
askew sets

Resolves, do you say, o' the Springfield
Convention?

Thet's percisely the pint I was goin' to
mention,

Resolves air a thing we most gen'ally
keep ill,

They're a cheap kind o' dust fer the eyes
o' the people,

A parcel o' delligits jest git together
An' chat fer a spell o' the crops an' the
weather,

Then, comin' to order, they squabble
awile

An' let off the speeches they're ferful'll
spile,

Then—Resolve,—Thet we wun't hev an
inch o' slave territory,

Thet Presidunt Polk's holl perceedins air
very tory,

Thet the war is a damned war, an' them
thet enlist in it

Should hev a cravat with a drefle tight
twist in it,

HE HAIN T, THOUGH?

Thet the war is a war fer the spreadin
o slavery
Thet our army desearves our best thanks
fer their bravery
Thet were the original friends o the
nation,
All the rest air a paltry an base fabrica
tion
Thet we highly respect Messrs. A, B an
C
An ez deeply despise Messrs. E F an G
In this way they go to the end o the
chapter
An then they bust out in a kind of a
raptur
About their own vartoo an folks's stone-
blindness
To the men thet ould actilly do em a
kindness,—
The American eagle,—the Pilgrims thet
landed —
Till on ole Plymouth Rock they git finally
stranded.
Wal, the people they listen an say
Thet's the ticket
Ex fer Mexico taint no great glory to
lick it,
But 'twould be a darned shame to go
pullin o triggers
To extend the aree of abusin the ruggers.

NO? HEZ HE?

So they march in percessions, an' git up
hooraws,
An' tramp thru the mud fer the good o'
the cause,
An' think they're a kind o' fulfillin' the
prophecies,
Wen they're on'y jest changin' the holders
of offices,
Ware A sot afore, B is comf'tably
seated,
One humbug's victor'ous an' t'other de-
feated,
Each honnable doughface gits jest what
he axes,
An' the people,—their annooal soft-sodder
an' taxes

Now, to keep unimpaired all these glorious
feeturs
Thet characterise morril an' reasonin'
creeturs,
Thet give every paytriot all he can cram,
Thet oust the untrustworthy Presidunt
Flam,
An' stick honest Presidunt Sham in his
place,
To the manifest gain o' the holl human
race,
An' to some indervidgewals on't in par-
tickler,

HE HAIN T THOUGH?

Who love Public Opinion an know how
to tickle her —

I say that a party with gret aims like
these

Must stick jest ez close ez a hive full o
bees.

I'm willin a man should go tollable strong
agin wrong in the abstract, fer thet kind
o wrong

Is others unpop'lar an never gets pitied
Because it's a crime no one never com-
mitted

But he musn't be hard on partickler
sins,

or then he'll be kickin the people's own
shins.

My look at the Demmercrats, see wut
they've done

—st simply by stickin together like fun

They've sucked us right into a miserable
war

That no one on earth ain't responsible
for

They've run us a hundred cool millions
in debt

(An fer Demmercrat Horner's ther's good
plums left yet)

They talk agin tayriffs, but act fer a
high one,

NO? HEZ HE?

An' so coax all parties to built up their Zion ,
To the people they're ollers ez slick ez
molasses,
An' butter their bread on both sides with
The Masses,
Half o' whom they've persuaded, by way
of a joke,
Thet Washinton's mantelpiece fell upon
Polk

Now all o' these blessin's the Wigs might
enjoy,
Ef they'd gumption enough the right
means to imploy ,
Fer the silver spoon born in Dermocracy's
mouth
Is a kind of a scringe thet they hev to
the South ,
Their masters can cuss 'em an' kick 'em
an' walk 'em,
An' they notice it less 'an the ass did to
Balaam ,
In this way they screw into sécond-rate
offices
Wich the slaveholder thinks 'ould sub-
stract too much off his ease ,
The file-leaders, I mean, du, fer they, by
their wiles,
Unlike the old viper, grpw fat on their
files

HE HAIN T THOUGH?

Wal the Wigs hev been tryin to grab
all this prey frum em
An to hook this nice spoon o good fortun
away frum em
An they might ha succeeded, ez likely
ez not,
In lickin the Demmercrats all round the
lot,
Ef it warn't that wile all faithful Wigs
were their knees on
Some stuffy old codger would holler out,
— 'Treason!
You must keep a sharp eye on a dog that
hev bit you once,
An I ain't agoin to cheat my consti-
toounts "—
Ven every fool knows that a man repre-
sents
Not the fellers that sent him but them
on the fence,—
Impartially ready to jump either side
An make the fust use of a turn o the
tide —
The waiters on Provldunce here in the
city
Who compose wut they call a State Cen-
terl Committy
Constitoounts air handy to help a man in
But arterwards don't weigh the heft of a
pin.

NO? HEZ HE?

Wy, the people can't all live on Uncle
Sam's pus,
So they've nothin' to du with't fer better
or wus,
It's the folks thet air kind o' brought up
to depend on't
Thet hev any consarn in't, an' thet is the
end on't

Now here wuz New England ahevin' the
honour

Of a chance at the Speakership showered
upon her,—

Do you say, "She don't want no more
Speakers, but fewer,

She's hed plenty o' them, wut she wants
is a *doer*"?

Fer the matter o' thet, it's notorious in
town

Thet her own representatives du her quite
brown

But thet's nothin' to du with it, wut
right hed Palfrey

To mix himself up with fanatical small fry?
Warn't we gittin' on prime with our hot
an' cold blowin',

Acondemnin' the war wilst we kep' it
agoïn'?

We'd assumed with grēt skill a com-
mandin' position,

HE HAV T THOUGH?

On this side or thet no one couldn't tell
wich one,
So wutever side wipped wed a chance
at the plunder
An could sue fer infringin our paytented
thunder
We were ready to vote fer whoever wuz
eligible,
Ef on all pints at lazo hed stay unintel
ligible.
Wal sposin we hed to gulp down our
perfections,
We were ready to come out next mornin
with fresh ones
Besides, ef we did 'twas our business
alone,
Fer couldn't we du wut we would with
our own?
An ef a man can wen pervisions hev riz
so
Eat up his own words it s a marcy it is so.
'
Wy these chaps from the North with
back bones to em darn em
'Ould be wuth more an Gennle Tom
Thumb is to Barnum
Ther's enough thet to office on this very
plan grow
By exhibitin how very small a man can
grow

NO² HEZ HE²

But an M C frum here ollers hastens to
state he

Belongs to the order called invertebraty,
Wence some gret filologists judge primy
fashy

Thet M C is M T by paronomashy,
An' these few exceptions air *loosus nay-
tury*

Folks 'ould put down their quarters to
stare at, like fury

It's no use to open the door o' success,
Ef a member can bolt so fer nothin' or
less,

Wy, all o' them grand constitootional
pillers

Our forefathers fetched with 'em over the
billers,

Them pillers the people so soundly hev
slep' on,

Wile to slav'ry, invasion, an' debt they
were swep' on,

Wile our Destiny higher an' higher kep'
mountin'

(Though I guess folks'll stare wen she
hends her account in),

Ef members in this way go kickin' agin
'em,

They wun't hev so much ez a feather left
in 'em

HE HAIN T, THOUGH?

An ez fer this Palfrey we thought wen
wed gut him in
Hed go kindly in wutever harness we
put him in
Supposin we *did* know thet he wuz a
peace man?
Doos he think he can be Uncle Sammle's
polliceman
An wen Sam gits tipsy an kicks up a
riot,
Lead him off to the lockup to snooze till
he s quiet?
Wy the war is a war thet true paytriots
can bear ef
It leads to the fat promised land of a
tayriff
We dont go an fight it nor ain't to be
driv on
Nor Demmercrats nuther thet hev wut
to live on
Ef it ain't jest the thing thet's well pleasin
to God,
It makes*us thought highly on elsewhere
abroad;
The Rooshian black eagle looks blue in
his eene
An shakes both his heads wen he hears
o Montoery
In the Tower Victory sets all of a
fluster

An' reads, with locked doors, how we
won Cherry Buster,

An' old Philip Lewis—thet come an' kep'
school here

Fer the mere sake o' scorin' his ryalist ruler
On the tenderest part of our kings *in*
futuro—

Hides his crown underneath an old shut
in his bureau,

Breaks off in his brags to a suckle o'
merry kings,

How he often hed hided young native
Amerrikins,

An' turnin' quite faint in the midst of his
fooleries,

Sneaks down stairs to bolt the front door
o' the Tooleries

You say, "We'd ha' scared 'em by grow-
in' in peace,

A plaguy sight more then by bobberies
like these"?

Who is it dares say thet our 'naytional
eagle

Wun't much longer be classed with the
birds thet air regal,

Coz theirn be hooked beaks, an' she, arter
this slaughter,

'll bring back a bill ten times longer'n
she'd ough' to?

HE HAIN T THOUGH?

Wut a your name? Come I see ye you
up-country feller

You've put me out severil times with your
beller

Out with It! Wut? Biglow? I say
nothin funder

Thet feller would like nothin better'n a
murder

He a traider blasphemor an wut rather
worse is,

He puts all his ath'ism in dresfle bad
verses

Soclety aint safe till sech monsters ar out
on it

Refer to the Post ef you hev the least
doubt on It;

Wy he goes agin war agin indirect taxes

• Agin sellin wild lands cept to settlers
with axes,

Agin holdin o slaves though he knows
it's the corner

Our libbaty rests on, the misable scornor!
In short; he would wholly upset with his
ravages

All thet keeps us above the brute critters
an savages,

An pitch into all kinds o' briles an con-
fusions

The holl of our civerlized free institu-
tions

NO? HEZ HE?

He writes fer thet rather unsafe print,
the Courier,
An' likely ez not hez a squintin' to
Foorier,
I'll be —, thet is, I mean I'll be blest,
Ef I hark to a word frum so noted a
pest,
I sha'n't talk with *him*, my religion's too
fervent
Good mornin', my friends, I'm your most
humble servant

The Debate in the Sennit



NOT TO A STICKY RETIRE

Here we stan on the Constitution by
thunder!

It's a fact o wich ther's bushills o
proofs

Fer how could we trample ont so I
wonder

Eft worn't that it's ollers under our
hoofs?" *

Sex John C Calhoun sez he

Human rights haint no more

Right to come on this floor

No more n the man in the moon,"
sez he.

The North hain't no kind o blzness
with nothin

An you've no idee how much bother it
saves

We ain't none riled by their frettin an
frothin

Were *used* te layin the string on our
slaves,"

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

Sez Mister Foote,

“I should like to shoot

The holl gang, by the gret horn
spoon!” sez he

“Freedom’s Keystone is Slavery, thet
ther’s no doubt on,

It’s sutthin’ thet’s—wha’ d’y e call it?—
divine,—

An’ the slaves thet we ollers *make* the
most out on

Air them north o’ Mason an’ Dixon’s
line,”

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

“Fer all thet,” sez Mangum,

“’Twould be better to hang ’em,

An’ so git red on ’em soon,” sez he

“The mass ough’ to labour an’ we lay
on soffies,

Thet’s the reason I want to spread
Freedom’s aree,

It puts all the cunninest on us in office,

An’ reelises our Maker’s orig’nal idee,”

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

“Thet’s ez plain,” sez Cass,

“Ez thet some one’s an ass,

It’s ez clear ez the sun is at noon,”
sez he

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT

Now don't go to say I'm the friend of
oppression
But keep all your spare breath fer
coolin' your broth
Fer I ollers hev strove (at least that's my
impression)
To make cussed free with the rights o
the North,"
Sez John C. Calhoun sez he —
Yes," sez Davis o Miss.
The perfection o bliss
Is in skinnin' that same old coon"
sez he.

Slavery's a thing that depends on com-
plexion
It's God's law^o that fetters on black
skins don't chafe
Ef brains wuz to settle it (horrid reflection!)
Wich of our onnable body'd be safe?
Sez John C. Calhoun sez he —
Sez Mister Hannegan
Afore he began agin
That exception is quite oppertoon"
sez he.

Gen'le Cass Sir you needn't be twitch
in your collar
Your merit's quite clear by the dut on
your knees,

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT

At the North we don't make no distinctions o' colour,

You can all take a lick at our shoes
wen you please,"

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

Sez Mister Jarnagin,

"They wun't hev to larn agin,

They all on 'em know the old toon,"
sez he

"The slavery question ain't no ways bewilderin',

North an' South hev one int'rest, it's
plain to a glance,

No'thern men, like us patriarchs, don't
sell their childrin,

But they *du* sell themselves, ef they git
a good chance,"

Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—

Sez Atherton here,

"This is gittin' severe,

I wish I could dive like a loon," sez he

"It'll break up the Union, this talk about
freedom,

An' your fact'ry gals (soon ez we split)
'll make head,

An' gittin' some Miss chief or other to
lead 'em,

'll go to work raisin' permisscoous Ned,"

THE DEBATE IN THE SENATE

Sez John C. Calhoun sez he —
Yes the North," sez Colquitt
Ef we Southerners all quit
Would go down like a busted balloon "
sez he.

Jest look wut is doin wut annyky's
browin
In the beautiful clime o the olive an vine
All the wise aristoxys a tumblin to ruin
An the sankylots drorin an drinkin
their wine "

Sez John C. Calhoun sez he —
Yes " sez Johnson in France
They re beginnin to dance
Bedezbub's ogn rigadoon," sez he

The South's safe enough it don't feel
a mite skeery
Our slaves in their darkness an dut
air tu blest
Not to welcome with proud hallylupers
the cry
Wen our eagle kicks youm from the
naytional nest "
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he —
Oh " sez Westcott o Florida
Wut treason is horrid
Then our ppriv'leges tryin to proon?"
sez he

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT

“It’s ’coz they’re so happy, thet, wen
crazy sarpints
Stick their nose in our bizness, we git
so darned riled,
We think it’s our dooty to give pooty
sharp hints,
Thet the last crumb of Edin on airth
sha’n’t be spiled,”
Sez John C Calhoun, sez he,—
“Ah,” sez Dixon H Lewis,
“It perfectly true is
Thet slavery’s airth’s grettest boon,”
sez he

The Plous
Editor's
Creed



I du believe in Freedom's cause
Ez fur away ez Payris is
I love to see her slick her claws
In them Infarnal Phayrisees
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an triggers —
But libbaty's a kind o thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
A tax on teas an coffees,
Thet nothin aint extravygunt —
Pumdin I'm in office
Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth filled their sockets
An Uncle Sam I reverence
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in any plan
O levyin the taxes

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
I git jest wut I axes,
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in
Our quiet custom-houses

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions,—
I mean nine thousan' dolls per ann ,
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin',
The bread comes back in many days,
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin,
I mean in preyin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses

I du believe hard coin the stuff
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on,
The people's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on,

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his
An gives a good sized junk to all —
I don't care *how* hard money is
Ex long ex mine a paid punctoal.

I du believe with all my soul
In the gret Press a freedom
To pint the people to the goal
An in the traces lead em
Palsled the arm thet forges yokes
At my fat contracts squintin
An withered be the nose thet pokes
Inter the gov'ment printin !

I du believe thet I should give
Wut's hisn unto Cesar
Fer it a by him I move an live
From him my bread an cheese air
I du believe thet all o' me
Doth bear his superscription, —
Will conscience, honour honesty
An things o thet description.

I du believe in prayer an praise
To him thet hex the grantin
O jobs, — in every thin thet pays,
But most of all in CANTIN
This doth my cup with marches fill
This lays all thought o sin to rest, —

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

I *don't* believe in princerple,
But oh, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
Or thet, ez it may happen
One way or t'other hendiest is
To ketch the people nappin',
It ain't by princerples nor men
My preudent course is steadied,—
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
Go into it baldheaded

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
Comes nat'ral to a Presidunt,
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
To hev a wal-broke precedunt,
Fer any office, small or gret,
I couldn't ax with no face,
'uthout I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface

I du believe wutever trash
'll keep the people in blindness,—
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
Right inter brotherly kindness,
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n'
ball
Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
Must be druv in with bagnets

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED

In short, I firmly do believe
In Humbug generally
Fer it's a thing that I perceive
To hev a sold vally
This heth my faithful shepherd ben
In pasturs sweet heth led me
An this'll keep the people green
To feed ez they hev fed me.

A Letter from
a Candidate for
the Presidency



Dear Sir,—You wish to know my notions
On sartin pints thet rile the land,
There's nothin' thet my natur so shuns
Ez bein' mum or underhand,
I'm a straight-spoken kind o' creetur
Thet blurts right out wut's in his head,
An' ef I've one pecooler feetur,
It is a nose thet wun't be led

So, to begin at the beginnin'
An' come directly to the pint,
I think the country's underpinnin'
Is some consid'ble out o' jint,
I ain't agoin' to try your patience
By tellin' who done this or thet,
I don't make no insinooations,
I jest let on I smell a rat

Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,
But, ef the public think I'm wrong,

Nor I ain't one my sense to scatter
 So'st no one couldn't pick it out,
 My love fer North an' South is equil,
 So I'll jest answer plump an' frank,
 No matter wut may be the sequil,—
 Yes, Sir, I *am* agin a Bank

Ez to the answerin' o' questions,
 I'm an off ox at bein' druv,
 Though I ain't one thet ary test shuns
 'll give our folks a helpin' shove,
 Kind o' permiscoous I go it
 Fer the holl country, an' the ground
 I take, ez nigh ez I can show it,
 Is pooty gen'ally all round

I don't appruve o' givin' pledges,
 You'd ough' to leave a feller free,
 An' not go knockin' out the wedges
 To ketch his fingers in the tree,
 Pledges air awfle breachy cattle
 Thet preudent farmers don't turn
 out,—
 Ez long'z the people git their rattle,
 Wut is there fer'm to grout about?

Ez to the slaves, 'there's no confusion
 In *my* idees consarnin' them,—
 I think they air an Institution,
 A sort of—yes, jest so,—ahem

A LETTER

Tell 'em thet on the Slavery question
I'm RIGHT, although to speak I'm
lawth,
This gives you a safe pint to rest on,
An' leaves me frontin' South by North

"I spose you
wonder ware
I be"



A SECOND LETTER FROM
B. LAVIN ESQ.

I spose you wonder ware I be I can't
tell fer the soul o me
Exaclly ware I be myself—meanin by
thet the holl o me.
Wen I left hum I hed two legs, an they
worn't bad ones neither
(The scalliest trick they ever played wuz
bringin on me hither)
Now one on ems I dunno ware—they
thought I wuz adyin
An sawed it off because they said 'twuz
kin o mortifyin
I'm willin to believe it wuz, an yit I
dont see nuther
Wy one should take to feelin cheap a
minnit sooner'n t'other
Sence both wuz equilly to blame but
things is ex they be
It took on so they took it off an thet's
enough fer me

"I SPOSE YOU WONDER

There's one good thing, though, to be
said about my wooden new one,—
The liquor can't get into it ez't used to
in the true one,
So it saves drink, an' then, besides, a
feller couldn't beg
A gretter blessin' then to hev one ollers
sober peg,
It's true a chap's in want o' two fer
follerin' a drum,
But all the march I'm up to now is jest
to Kingdom Come

I've lost one eye, but thet's a loss it's
easy to supply '—
Out o' the glory thet I've gut, fer thet
is all my eye,
An' one is big enough, I guess, by dili-
gently usin' it,
To see all I shall ever git by way o' pay
fer losin' it,
Off'cers I notice, who git paid fel all our
thumps an' kickins,
Du wal by keepin' single eyes arter the
fattest pickins,
So, ez the eye's put fairly out, I'll larn
to go without it,
An' not allow *myself* to be no gret put
out about it

WARE I BE

Now le me see, that isn't all I used
fore leavin' Jaalam
To count things on my finger-ends, but
sutthin' seems to ail em
Ware's my left hand? Oh darn it, yes,
I recollect wut's come on't;
I hain't no left arm but my right an
thet's gut jest a thumb on't
It ain't so handy ez it wuz to callate a
sum on't
I've hed some ribs broke,—six (I b'lieve)
—I hain't kep no account on em
Wen pensions git to be the talk, I'll
settle the amount on em.
An now I'm speakin' about ribs, it kin
o brings to mind
One that I couldn't never break,—the one
I lef' behind;
Ef you should see her jest clear out the
spout o' your invention
An pour the longest sweetnin' in about
an annuul pension
An kin' o' hint (in case, you know the
critter should refuse to be
Consoled) I ain't so 'xpensive now to keep
ez wut I used to be
There's one arm less, ditto one eye, an
then the leg thet's wooden
Can be took off an sot away whenever
ther's a puddin' ,

"I SPOSE YOU WONDER

I spose you think I'm comin' back ez
opperlunt ez thunder,
With shiploads o' gold images an' varus
sorts o' plunder,
Wal, 'fore I vullinteed, I thought this
country wuz a sort o'
Canaan, a reg'lar Promised Land flowin'
with rum an' water,
Ware propaty growed up like time, with-
out no cultivation,
An' gold wuz dug ez taters be among our
Yankee nation,
Ware nateral advantages were pufficly
amazin',
Ware every rock there wuz about with
precious stuns wuz blazin',
Ware mill-sites filled the country up ez
thick ez you could cram 'em,
An' desput rivers run about a beggin'
folks to dam 'em,
Then there were meetinhouses, tu, chock-
ful o' gold an' silver
Thet you could take, an' no one couldn't
hand ye in no bill fer,—
Thet's wut I thought afore I went, thet's
wut them fellers told us
Thet stayed to hum an' speechified an'
to the buzzards sold us,
I thought thet gold-mines could be gùt
cheaper than Chiny asters,

WARE I BE"

An see myself acomin back like sixty
Jacob Astors
But sech idee soon melted down an
didn't leave a grease spot
I vow my holl sheer o the spiles wouldn't
come nigh a V spot
Although most anywares we've ben you
needn't break no locks,
Nor run no kin o risks to fill your
pocket full o rocks,
I xpect I mentioned in my last some o
the natrual feetur
O this all fered buggy hole In th way
o awfle creeturs,
But I fergut to name (new things to
speak on so abounded)
How one day you'll most die o thust an
Yore the next git drowneded.
The clymit seems to me jest like a tea
pot made o pewter
Our Prudence hed that wouldn't pour
(all she could du) to suit her
Fust plate the leaves ould choke the spout,
so a not a drop ould dreen out
Then Prude ould tip an tip an tip till
the holl kat bust clean out
The kiver-hinge-pin bein lost ten-leaves
an tea an kiver
ould all come down *herzosh*/ ez though
the dam broke in a river

"I SPOSE YOU WONDER

Jest so 'tis here, holl months there ain't
a day o' rainy weather,
An' jest ez th' officers 'ould be a layin'
heads together
Ez t' how they'd mix their drink at sech
a milingtary deepot,—
'Twould pour ez though the lid wuz off
the everlastin' teapot
The cons'quence is, thet I shall take, wen
I'm allowed to leave here,
One piece o' propaty along, an' thet's
the shakin' fever,
It's reggular employment, though, an' thet
ain't thought to harm one,
Nor 'tain't so tiresome ez it wuz with
t'other leg an' arm & n,
An' it's a consolation, tu, although it
doesn't pay,
To hev it said you're some gret shakes
in any kin' o' way
'Tworn't very long, I tell ye wut, I
thought o' fortin-makin',—
One day a reg'lar shiver-de-freeze, an'
next ez good ez bakin',—
One day abrin' in the sand, then smoth'rin'
in the meshes,—
Git up all sound, be put to bed a mess o'
hacks an' smashes
But then, thinks I, at any rate there's
glory to be hed,—

IVARE I BE"

That's an investment, arter all thet mayn't
turn out so bad
But somehow wen wed fit an ficked I
tollers found the thanks
Gut kin o lodged afore they come ez
low down ez the ranks
The Gin'ra's gut the biggest sheer the
Cunnies next, an so on —
We never gut a blasted mite o glory ez
I know on
An spose we hed I wonder how you're
goin to contrive its
Division so s to give a pieco to twenty
thousand privits
Ef you should mutply by ten the por
tion o the beav'st ooc
You wouldn't git more'n half enough to
speak of on a grave-stun
We git the ficks — were jest the grist
thet's put into War's hoppers
Leftenants is the lowest grade thet helps
pick up the coppers.
It may suit folks thet go agin a body
with a soul in t,
An ain't contented with a hilde without a
bagnet hole in t
But glory is a kin o thing I sha'n't per
sue no further
Cuz thet's the officers' parquaisite, — yourn's
on'y jest the murder

"I SPOSE YOU IWONDER

Wut two legs anywares about could keep
up with my one?

There ain't no kin' o' quality in can'idates,
it's said,

So useful ez a wooden leg,—except a
wooden head,

There's nothin' ain't so poppylar—(wy, it's
a perfect sin

To think wut Mexico hez paid fer Santy
Anny's pin,)—

Then I hain't gut no princerples, an', sence
I wuz knee-high,

I never *did* hev any gret, ez you can
testify,

I'm a decided peace-man, tu, an' go agin
the war,—

Fer now the holl on't 's gone an' past,
wut is there to go *for*?

Ef, wile you're 'lectioneerin' round, some
curus chaps should beg

To know my views o' state affairs, jest
answer WOODEN LEG!

Ef they ain't settisfied with thet, an' kin'
o' pry an' doubt,

An' ax fer sutthin' deffynit, jest say ONE
EYE PUT OUT!

Thet kin' o' talk I guess you'll find'll
answer to a charm,

An' wen you're druv tu_enigh the wall,
hol' up my missin' arm,

IVARE I BE"

Ef they should nose round fer a pledge
put on a vartoous look
An tell em thet s percisely wut I never
gin nor—took!

Then you can call me "Timbertoes" —
thet s wut the people likes
Sutthin combinin morril truth with
phrases sech ez strikes
Some say the people s fond o this or
thet or wut you please —
I tell yo wut the people want is jest
correct ideas

Old "Timbertoes" you see 's a creed
it's safe to be quite bold on
There s nothin int the other side can
any ways git hold on
It's a good tangible idee, a sutthin to
embody
Thet valooable class o men who look
thru brandy-toddy
It gives a Party Platform tu jest level
with the mind
Of all right-thinkin honest folks thet
mean to go it blind
Then there air other good hooraws to
dror on ez you need em
Sech ez the ONE-EYED SLARTERER, the
BLOODY BIRDOFREDUM

"I SPOSE YOU WONDER

Them's wut takes hold o' folks thet think,
ez well ez o' the masses,
An' makes you sartin o' the aid o' good
men of all classes

There's one thing I'm in doubt about,
in order to be President,
It's absolutely ne'ssary to be a Southern
residunt,
The Constitution settles thet, an' also thet
a feller
Must own a nigger o' some sort, jet
black, or brown, or yeller
Now I hain't no objections agin particklar
climes,
Nor agin ownin' anythin' (except the truth
sometimes),
But, ez I hain't no capital, up there
among ye, may be,
You might raise funds enough fer me to
buy a low-priced baby,
An' then, to suit the No'thern fqlks, who
feel obleeged to say
They hate an' cuss the very thing they
vote fer every day,
Say you're assured I go full butt fer
Libbaty's diffusion,
An' made the purchis on'y jest to spite
the Institootion,—

WARE I BE

But golly! there's the carrier's hose
upon the pavement pawin'!
I'll be more explicit in my next.

Yours

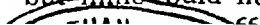
BERDOFFREDUM SAWIN

"I spose you
recollect"



A THIRD LETTER FROM
B SAWIN, ESQ

I spose you recollect thet I explained
my gennle views
In the last billet thet I writ, 'way down
from Veery Cruze,
Jest arter I'd a kind o' ben spontaneously
sot up
To run unannermously fer the Presidential
cup,
O' course it worn't no wish o' mine, 'twuz
ferflely distressin',
But poppuler enthusiasm gut so almighy
pressin'
Thet, though like sixty all along I fumed
an' fussed an' sorrered,
There didn't seem no ways to stop their
bringin' on me forrerd
Fact is, they udged the matter so, I
couldn't help admittin'
The Father o' his Country's shoes no feet
but ~~mine~~ 'ould fit in,



'I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT

Besides the savin o the soles fer ages
to succeed
Seem thet with one wannut foot, a pair'd
be more n I need
An tell ye wut them shoes'll want a
thundrin sight o patchin
Ef this ere fashion is to last we've gut
into o hatchin
A pair o second Washintons fer every new
election —
Though, fur ez number ones concerned
I don't make no objection.

I wuz agoin on to say thet wen at fust
I saw
The masses would stick to't I wuz the
Country's father n-law
(They would ha hed it *Father* but I told
em 'twouldn't du
Cuz thet wuz suttin of a sort they couldn't
split in tu,
An Washinton hed hed the thing laid
fairly to his door
Nor daren't say 'tworn't his n much ez
sixty year afore)
But 'tain't no matter ez to thet wen I
wuz nomernated,
'Tworn't natur, but wut I should feel
consid'able elated

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

An' wile the hooraw o' the thing wuz
kind o' noo an' fresh,
I thought our ticket would ha' caird the
country with a resh

Sence I've come hum, though, an' looked
round, I think I seem to find
Strong argimunts ez thick ez fleas to make
me change my mind,
It's clear to any one whose brain ain't
fur gone in a phthisis,
Thet hail Columby's happy land is goin'
thru a crisis,
An' 'twouldn't noways du to hev the
people's mind distracted
By bein' all to once by sev'ral pop'lar
names attackted,
'Twould save holl haycartloads o' fuss
an' three four months o' jaw,
Ef some illustrious paytriot should back
out an' withdraw,
So, ez I ain't a crooked stick, jest like—
like ole (I swow,
I dunno ez I know his name)—I'll go
back to my plough

Wenever an Amerikin distinguished poli-
tishin
Begins to try et wut they call definin'
his posishin,

' I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT'

Wal I fer one feel sure he aint gut
nothin to define
It's so nine cases out o ten, but jest that
tenth is mine
An 'tain't no more n is proper n right in
such a sitocation
To hint the course you think'll be the
savin o the nation
To funk right out o p'litical strife ain't
thought to be the thing
Without you deacon off the toon you
want your folks should sing
So I edvise the noomrous friends thet a
in one boat with me
To jest up killock, jam right down their
bellum hard a-Joe,
Haul the sheets taut, an layin out upon
the Suthun tack,
Make fer the safest port they can, wich
I think, is Ole Zack.

Next thing you'll want to know I spose
wut argimunts I seem
To see thet makes me think this ere'll
be the strongest team
Fust place, I've been consid'ble round in
bar-rooms an saloons
Agetherin public sentiment, 'mongst Dem
mertrats and Coons,

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

An' 'tain't ve'y offen thet I meet a chap
but wut goes in
Fer Rough an' Ready, fair an' square,
hufs, taller, horns, an' skin,
I don't deny but wut, fer one, ez fur ez
I could see,
I didn't like at fust the Pheladelphy no-
mernee
I could ha' pinte to a man thet wuz,
I guess, a peg
Higher than him,—a soger, tu, an' with
a wooden leg,
But every day with more an' more o'
Taylor zeal I'm burnin',
Seen' wich way the tide thet sets to office
is aturnin',
Wy, into Bellers's we notched the votes
down on three sticks,—
'Twuz Birdofredum *one*, Cass *aight*, an'
Taylor *twenty-six*,
An' bein' the on'y canderdate thet wuz
upon the ground,
They said 'twuz no more'n right thet I
should pay the drinks all round,
Ef I'd expected sech a trick, I wouldn't
ha' cut my foot
By goin' an' votin' fer myself like a con-
sumed coot,
It didn't make no diff'ence, though, I
wish I may be cust

' I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT

Ef Bellers wuzn't slim enough to say he
wouldn't trust!

Another pint that influences the minds o
sober jodges
Is that the Gin'ral hezn't gut tied hand
an foot with pledges
He hezn't told ye wut he is, an so there
aint no knowin
But wut he may turn out to be the best
there is agoin
This, at the ony spot that pinched the
shoe directly eases
Caz every one is free to 'xpect percisely
wut he pleases
I want free-trade you dont the Gin'ral
isn't bound to neither —
I vote my way you yourn an both air
scooted to a T there.
Ole Rough an Ready tu s a Wig but
without bein sultry
Hes like a holsome havin day thets
warm but isnt sultry
Hes jest wut I should call myself a kin
o *scratch* ez t ware
That aint exactly all a wig nor wholly your
own hair
I ve been a Wig three weeks myself jest
o this mod rate sort

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

An' don't find them an' Demmercrats so
different ez I thought,
They both act pooty much alike, an' push
an' scrouge an' cus,
They're like two pickpockets in league
fer Uncle Samwell's pus,
Each takes a side, an' then they squeeze
the ole man in between 'em,
Turn all his pockets wrong side out an'
quick ez lightnin' clean 'em,
To nary one on 'em I'd trust a secon'-
handed rail
No furder off 'an I could sling a bullock
by the tail

Webster sot matters right in thet air
Mashfiel' speech o' his'n,—
"Taylor," sez he, "ain't nary ways the
one thet I'd a chizzen,
Nor he ain't fittin' fer the place, an' like
ez not he ain't
No more'n a tough ole bullethead, an' no
gret of a saint,
But then," sez he, "obsarve my pint, he's
jest ez good to vote fer
Ez though the greasin' on him worn't a
thing to hire Choate fer,
Ain't it ez easy done to drop a ballot in
a box

' I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT "

Fer one ez 'us fer t'other fer the bull
dog ez the fox?"
It takes a mind like Dannel's fact ez
big ez all ou doors
To find out thet it looks like rain arter
it fairly pours
I gree with him, it ain't so drestle trouble
some to vote
Fer Taylor arter all—it's jest to go an
change your coat
Wen he's once greased you'll swaller him
an never know on't scurce
Unless he scratches goin down with
them ere Ginnals spurs,
I've ben a votin Demmercrat ez reg'lar
ez a clock,
But don't find goin Taylor gives my
nerves no gret 'n a shock
Truth is, the cutest leadin Wiga, ever
sence fust they found
Wich side the bread gut buttered on hev
kep a edgin round
They kin o slipt the planks frum out th
ole platform one by one
An made it gradooally noo fore folks
know'd wut wuz done,
Till furr' I know there aint an inch
thet I could lay my han on
But I or any Demmercrat, feels comf'
t'ble to stan on

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

An' ole Wig doctrines act'lly look, their
occ'pants bein' gone,
Lonesome ez saddles on a mash without
no harricks on

I spose it's time now I should give my
thoughts upon the plan,
Thet chipped the shell at Buffalo, o' settin'
up ole Van
I used to vote fer Martin, but, I swan,
I'm clean disgusted,—
He ain't the man thet I can say is fittin'
to be trusted,
He ain't half antislav'ry 'nough, nor I ain't
sure, ez some be,
He'd go in fer abolishin' the Deestricks
o' Columby,
An', now I come to recollect, it kin' o'
makes me sick?
A horse, to think o' wut he wuz in eighteen
thirty-six
An' then, another thing,—I guess, though
mebby I am wrong,
This Buff'lo plaster ain't agoin' to dror
almighty strong,
Some folks, I know, hev gut th' idee thet
No'thun dough'll rise,
Though, 'fore I see it riz an' baked, I
wouldn't trust my eyes,

I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT'

'Twill take more emptins a long chalk
than this noo party's gut
To give sech heavy takes ez them a start
I tell ye wut.
But even of they calrd the day there
wouldn't be no endurin
To stan upon a platform with sech critters
ez Van Buren —
An his son John, tu I can't think how
thet ere chap should dare
To speak ez he doos wy they say he used
to cuss an swear!
I spose he never read the hymn thet tells
how down the stairs
A feller with long legs wuz throwed thet
wouldn't say his prayers.
This brings me to another pint the leaders
o the party
Aint jest sech men ez I can act along
with free an hearty
They aint not quite respectable an wen
a feller's morrils
Don't, too the straightest kln o mark, wy
him an me jest quarrils.
I went to a Free Soil meetin once an
wut d'ye think I see?
A feller was aspoulin there thet act'lly
come to me,
About two year ago last spring ez nigh
ez I can jedgo

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

An' axed me if I didn't want to sign the
Temprunce pledge'
He's one o' them that goes about an'
sez you hedn't ough' ter
Drink nothin', mornin', noon, or night,
stronger 'an Taunton water
There's one rule I've ben guided by, in
settlin' how to vote ollers
I take the side that isn't took by them
consarned tictotallers

Ez fer the niggers, I've ben South, an'
thet hez changed my min',
A lazier, more ongrateful set you couldn't
nowers fin'
You know I mentioned in my last that I
should buy a nigger,
Ef I could make a purchase at a pooty
mod'rate figger,
So, ez there's nothin' in the world I'm
fonder of 'an gunnin',
I closed a bargain finally to take a feller
runnin'
I shou'dered queen's-arm an' stumped out,
an' wen I come t' th' swamp,
'Tworn't very long afore I gut upon the
nest o' Pomp,
I come acrost a kin' o' hut, an', playin'
round the door,

‘ I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT ’

Some little woolly-headed cubs ez many z
six or more
At fust I thought o firm but *think twice*
is safest offers
There aint, thinks I not one on em
but's wuth his twenty dollars
Or would be, ef I hed em back into a
Christian land —
How temptin all on em would look upon
an auction-stand!
(Not but wut I hate slavery in th abstract
stem to stem —
I leave it ware our fathers did a privit
State consarn.)
Soon'z they see me they yelled an run
but Pomp wuz out ahead
A leetle patch o corn he hed, or else there
ain't no knowin
He wouldn't ha took a pop at me; but
I hed gut the start,
An wen he looked I vow he groaned ez
though hed broke his heart
He done it like a wite man tu ez natral
ez a pictur
The impdunt pis'nous hypocrite! wuz an
a boy constrictur
You can't gum ~~see~~ I tell ye now an
so you needn't try
I 'xpect my eye-teeth every mail so jest
shet up " sez I

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

"Don't go to actin' ugly now, or else I'll
let her strip,
You'd best draw } kindly, seem' 'z how
I've gut ye on the hip,
Besides, you darned ole fool, it ain't no
gret of a disaster
To be benev'lently druv back to a con-
tented master,
Ware you hed Christian priv'ledges you
don't seem quite aware on,
Or you'd ha' never run away from bein'
well took care on,
Ez fer kin' treatment, wy, he wuz so fond
on ye, he said
He'd give a fifty spot right out, to git
ye, 'live or dead,
Wite folks ain't sot by half ez much,
'member I run away,
Wen I wuz bound to Cap'n Jakes, to
Mattysqumscot Bay,
Don' know him, likely? Spose not, wal,
the mean ole codger went
An' offered—wut reward, think? Wal, it
worn't no *less'n* a cent "

Wal, I jest gut 'em into line, an' druv
'em on afore me,
The pis'nous brutes, I'd ne idee o' the
ill-will they bore me,

I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

We walked till somers about noon an
then it grew so hot
I thought it best to camp awile so I
chose out a spot
Jest under a magnoly tree an there right
down I sot
Then I unstrapped my wooden leg coz it
began to chafe
An laid it down 'long side o me, supposin
all wuz safe
I made my darkies all sot down around
me in a ring
An sot an kin o ciphered up how much
the lot would bring
But, wile I dranked the peaceful cup of a
pure heart an mind
(Mixed with some wiskey now an then)
Pomp he snaked up behin
An creepin grad'ly close to ez quiet ez
a mink,
Jest grabbed my leg an then pulled foot
quicker'o you could wink,
An come to look, they each on em hed
gut behin a tree
An Pomp poked out the leg a piece jest
so ez I could see
An yelled to me to throw away my pistols
an my gun,
Or else that they'd cair off the leg an
fairly cut an run.

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

I vow I didn't b'lieve there wuz a decent
alligatur
Thet hed a heart so destitoot o' common
human natur,
However, ez there worn't no help, I finally
give in,
An' heft my arms away to git my leg safe
back agin
Pomp gethered all the weapins up, an'
then he come an' grinned,
He showed his ivory some, I guess, an'
sez, "You're fairly pinned,
Jest buckle on your leg agin, an' git right
up an' come,
'Twun't du fer fammerly men like me to
be so long frum hum "
At fust I put my foot right down an'
swore I wouldn't budge
"Jest ez you choose," sez he, quite cool,
"either be shot or trudge "
So this black-hearted monster took an'
act'lly druv me back
Along the very footmarks o' my, happy
mornin' track,
An' kep' me pris'ner 'bout six months, an'
worked me, tu, like sin,
Till I hed gut his corn an' his Carliny
taters in,
He made me larn him readin' tu (although
the critter saw

"I SPOSE I OU RECOLLECT

How much it hurt my morril sense to act
agin the law)
So st he could read a Bible hed gut
an axed ef I could pint
The North Star out but there I put his
nose some out o jint,
Fer I weeled roun about sou'west an
lookin up a bit
Picked out a middlin shiny one an tole
him thet wuz it.
Fin'ly he took me to the door, an
givin me a kick,
Sez, Ef you know wut a best fer ye be
off now double-quick
The winter-times a comun on an though
I gut ye cheap
You re so darned lary I don't think you re
hardly wuth your keep
Besides, the childrn's growin up an
you ain't jest the model
I d like to hev em immertate, an so you d
better toddle!"

Now is there anythin on airth'll ever
prove to me
That renegader slaves like him air fit fer
bein free?
D'you think they'll suck me in to jine
the Buff'lo chaps an them
(1967) 81 7

"I SPOSE YOU RECOLLECT"

Rank infidels thet go agin 'the Scriptur'
cus o' Shem?

Not by a jugfull! Sooner'n thet, I'd go
thru fire an' water,

Wen I hev once made up my mind, a
meet'nhus ain't sotter,

No, not though all the crows thet flies to
pick my bones wuz cawin',—

I guess we're in a Christian land

Yourn,

BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN

The Courtin



God makes sech nights, all white an still
Fur'z you can look or listen
Moonshine an snow on field an hill,
All silence an all glisten.

Zekle crep up quite unbeknown
An peeked in thru the winder
An there sot Huldy all alone
Ith no one nigh to header

A fireplace filled the room a one side
With half a cord o wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin

The wa nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the postiest, bless her
An leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser

Agin the chumbley crook-necks hung
An in amogst em rusted
The ole queen a-arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back f om Concord busted.

THE COURTIN'

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter

He was six foot o' man, A1,
Clear grit an' human natur',
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir,
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher

THE COURTIN'

An she d blush scarlt right in prayer
When her new meetin-bunnet
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair
O blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked some!
She seemed to've got a new soul
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She boored a foot, an knowed it tu
A-raspin on the scraper —
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in hurnt-up paper

He kin o ltered on the mat,
Some doubtfe o the sckle,
His heart kep goin pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ex though she wished him funder
An on, her apples kep to work,
Parin away like murder

You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
Wal no I come design-
in "—

To see my Ma? She s sprinklin clothes
Agin to-morrer s Pnin."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin',
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther

Says he, "I'd better call agin',"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister "
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . Wal, he up an' kist her

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summef mind
Snowhid in Jenooary

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metterş stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'

THE COURTIN'

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o Fundy
An all I know is they was cried
In meetin come nex Sunday

"It's some consid'ble of a spell"



BIRDOFREDUM SAWIN, ESQ.,
TO MR. HOSEA BIGLOW

It's some consid'ble of a spell sence I
hain't writ no letters,
An' ther' 's gret changes hez took place in
all polit'cle metters
Some canderdates air dead an' gone, an'
some hez ben defeated,
Which 'mounts to pooty much the same,
fer it's ben proved repeated
A betch o' bread thet hain't riz once ain't
goin' to rise agin,
An' it's jest money throwed away to put
the emptins in
But thet's wut folks wun't never larn,
they dunno how to go,
Arter you want their room, no more'n a
bullet-headed beau,
Ther' 's ollers chaps a-hangin' roun', thet
can't see pea-time's past,
Mis'ble as roosters in a rain, heads down
an' tails half-mast
It ain't disgraceful bein' beat, when a holl
nation doos it,

'IT S SOME CONSID BLE

But Chance is like an amberill,—it don't
take twice to lose it.

I spose you're kin o' cur'ous, now to
know why I haint writ

Wal I've ben where a litt'ry taste don't
somehow seem to git

Th' encouragement a feller'd think, thet's
used to public schools

An where such things ez paper n' ink air
clean agin the rules

A kind o' vicyvarry house, built drestle
strong an' stout

So a 't' honest people can't git in ner
t'other sort git out

An with the wunders so contrived, you'd
prob'ly like the view

Better alookin' in than out though it
seems sing'lar tu

But then the landlord sets by ye can't
bear ye out o' sight,

And locks ye up ez reg'lar ez an outside
door at night.

This world is awf'le contrary the rope
may stretch your neck

Thet mebb'y kep another chap from
washin' off a wreck

An you will see the taters grow in one
poor feller's patch

“IT’S SOME CONSID’BLE

So small no self-respectin’ hen thet valled
time ’ould scratch,
So small the rot can’t find ’em out, an’
then agin, nex’ door,
Ez big ez wut hogs dream on when they’re
’most too fat to snore
But groutin’ ain’t no kin’ o’ use, an’ ef
the fust throw fails,
Why, up an’ try agin, thet’s all, — the
coppers ain’t all tails,
Though I *hev* seen ’em when I thought
they hedn’t no more head
Than’d sarve a nussin’ Brigadier thet gits
some ink to shed

When I writ last, I’d ben turned loose
by thet blamed nigger, Pomp,
Ferlorner than a musquash, ef you’d took
an’ dreened his swamp
But I ain’t o’ the meechin’ kind, thet sets
an’ thinks fer weeks
The bottom’s out o’ the univarse coz their
own gillpot leaks
I hed to cross bayous an’ criks, (wal, it
did beat all natur’),
Upon a kin’ o’ corderoy, fust log, then
alligator,
Luck’ly the critters warn’t sharp-sot, I
guess ’twuz overruled

OF A SPELL

They'd done their mornin' marketin' an
gut their hunger cooled
Fer missionaries to the Creeks an run
aways are viewed
By them an folks ez sent express to be
their reg'lar food
Wutever twuz they laid an swoozed ez
peacefully ez sinners,
Meek ez disgeatin deacons be at ordi-
nation dinners
Ef any on em turned an snapped I let
em kiss o taste
My live oak leg an so ye see ther'
warn't no gret o waste
Fer they found out in quicker time than
ef they'd ben to college
Twarn't heartier food than though twuz
made out o the tree o knowledge,
But I tell yos' my other leg hed larned
wut pizen-nettle meant
An various other usef'le things, afore I
reached a settlement
An all o me ibet wuzn't sore an sendin
prickles thru me
Wuz jest the leg I parted with in lickin
Monterum,
A usef'le limb it a ben to me, an more
of a support
Than wut the other hez ben — coz I dror
my pension for't.

"IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE

Wal, I gut in at last where folks wuz
civerlized an' white,
Ez I diskivered to my cost afore 'twarn't
hardly night,
Fer'z I wuz settin' in the bar atakin'
sunthin' hot,
An' feelin' like a man agin, all over in
one spot,
A feller thet sot oppersite, arter a squint
at me,
Lep' up an' drawed his peacemaker, an',
"Dash it, sir," sez he,
"I'm doubledashed ef you ain't him thet
stole my yaller chettle
(You're all the stranger thet's around), so
now you've gut to settle,
It ain't no use to argerfy ner try to cut
up frisky,
I know ye ez I know the smell o' ole
chain-lightnin' whisky,
We're lor-abidin' folks down here, we'll
fix ye so's't a bar
Wouldn' tech ye with a ten-foot pole
(Jedge, you just warm the far),
You'll think you'd better ha' gut among
a tribe o' Mongrel Tartars,
'Fore we've done showin' how we raise
our Southun prize tar-martyrs,
A moultin' fallen cherubim, ef he should
see ye, 'd snicker,

OF A SPELL"

Thinkin' he warn't a suckermstance Come
 genlemun le a liquor
An' Gln'ral when you've mixed the drinks
 an' chalked em up tote roun
An' see ef ther's a feather bed (thet's
 borryable) in town.
We'll try ye fair ole Grafted Leg an' ef
 the tar won't stick,
Th' ain't not a juror here but wut'll quit
 ye double-quick."
To cut it short I wun't say sweet they
 gi me a good dip
(They ain't ~~perfect~~ Bahptists here) then
 give the bed a rip —
The jury'd sot an' quicker'n a flash they
 hetched me out, a livin'
Extemp'ry mammoth turkey chick fer a
 Feejee Thanksgiving

Thet I felt some stuck up is wut it's
 nat'ral to suppose,
When poppylar enthusiasm hed furnished
 me such clothes
(Ner 'tain't without advantiges, this kin
 o' suit, ye see
It's water proof an' water's wut I like
 kep out o' me)
But nut content with thet they took
 a kerridge from the fence

"IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE

An' rid me roun' to see the place,
entirely free 'f expense,
With forty-'leven new kines o' sarse with-
out no charge acquainted me,
Gi' me three cheers, an' vowed that I wuz
all their fahncy painted me,
They treated me to all their eggs (they
keep 'em, I should think,
Fer sech ovations, pooty long, for they
wuz mos' distinc'),
They starred me thick'z the Milky-Way
with indiscrim'nit cherity,
Fer wut we call reception eggs air sun-
thin' of a rarity,
Green ones is plentiful enough, skurce
with a nigger's getherin',
But your dead-ripe ones ranges high fer
treatin' Nothun bretherin,
A spottedder, ringstreakeder chuld the'
warn't in Uncle Sam's
Holl farm—a cross of striped pig an'
one o' Jacob's lambs,
'Twuz Dannil in the lions' den, 'new an'
enlarged edition,
An' everythin' fust-rate o' 'ts kind, the'
warn't no impersition
People's impulsiver down here than wut
our folks to home be,
An' kin' o' go it 'ith a fesh in raisin'
Hail Columby

OF A SPELL

That's so an they swarmed out like bees
for your real Southun men's
Time isn't o much more account than an
ole settin' hen's
(They jost work semloccashnally or else
don't work at all
An so their time an 'ention both air et
sac'ity's call).
Talk about hospitality! wut Nothun town
d ye know
Would take a totle stranger up an treat
him gratis so?
You'd better b'lieve ther's nothun like this
spendin' days an nights
Along 'ith a dependent race fer everludin
whites.

But this wuz all prelin'ary it's so Gran
Jurors here
Flo a true blif a hendier way than ourn
an nut so dear
So artee this they sentenced me, to make
all tight 'n song
Afore a reg'lar court o law to ten years
in the Jug
I didn't make no great defence you don't
feel much like speakin'
When ef you let your clamabells gape
a quart o tar will leak in

“IT’S SOME CONSID’BLE

I *hev* hearn tell o’ winged words, but
pint o’ fact it tethers
The spoutin’ gift to hev your words *tu*
thick sot on with feathers,
An’ Choate ner Webster wouldn’t ha’
made an Ar kin’ o’ speech
Astride a Southun chestnut horse sharper’n
a baby’s screech

Two year ago they ketched the thief, ’n’
seen’ I wuz innercent,
They jest uncorked an’ le’ me run, an’ in
my stid the sinner sent
To see how *he* liked pork ’n’ pone
flavoured with wa’nut saplin’,
An’ nary social priv’ledge but a one-hoss,
starn-wheel chaplin
When I come out, the folks behaved mos’
gen’manly an’ harnsome,
They ’lowed it wouldn’t be more’n right,
ef I should cuss ’n’ darn some
The Cunnle he apolergized, sez he, “I’ll
du wut’s right,
I’ll give ye settisfaction now by shootin’
ye at sight,
An’ give the nigger (when he’s caught),
to pay him fer his trickin’
In gittin’ the wrong man, took up, a
most H fired lickin’,—

OF A SPELL"

It's jest the way with all on em the
inconsistent critters

They're most enough to make a man
blaspheme his mornin bitters

I'll be your frien thru thick an thin an
in all lanes o' weathers

An all you'll hev to pay fer's jest the
waste o' tar an feathers

A lady owned the bed, ye see, a widder
tu Miss Shennon

It wuz her mite we would ha took
another ef ther'd ben one

We don't make no charge for the ride
an all the other fixins

Lo s liquor G'n'ral, you can chalk our
friend for all the mixins."

A meetin then wuz called, where they
RESOLVED That we respect

B S Esquire for qualleties o' heart an
intellec'

Peculiar to Columby's sile, an not to no
one else's,

That makes Européan tyrans scinge in
all their gilded pelces,

An does gret honour to our race an
Southun institutions"

(I give ye jest the substance o' the leadin
resolutions)

RESOLVED That we revere in him a
soger thout a flor

“IT’S SOME CONSID’BLE

A martyr to the princerples o’ libbaty
an’ lor
RESOLVED, Thet other nations all, ef sot
’longside o’ us,
For vartoo, larnin’, chivverlry, ain’t noways
wuth a cuss ”
They gut up a subscription, tu, but no
gret come o’ *thet*,
I ’xpect in cairn’ of it roun’ they took
a leaky hat,
Though Southun genelmen ain’t slow at
puttin’ down their name
(When they can write), fer in the eend
it comes to jes’ the same,
Because, ye see, ’t ’s the fashion here to
sign an’ not to think
A critter’d be so sordid ez to ax ’em for
the chink
I didn’t call but jest on one, an’ *he*
drawed toothpick on me,
An’ reckoned he warn’t goin’ to stan’ no
sech doggauned econ’my,
So nothin’ more wuz realized, ’qeptin’ the
goodwill shown,
Than ef’t had ben from fust to last a
reg’lar Cotton Loan
It’s a good way, though, come to think,
coz ye eny the sense
O’ lendin’ lib’rally to the ‘Lord, an’ nary
red o’ ’xpense

OF A SPELL

Sence then I've gut my name up for
a gin'rous-hearted man
By jes subscribin right an left on this
high-minded plan
I've gin away my thousands so to every
Southan sort
O missions colleges an sech, ner ain't
no poorer for't

I warn't so bad off arter all I needn't
hardly mention
That Gov'ment owed me quite a pile for
my arrears o pension —
I mean the poor weak thing we *had*
we run a new one now
That strings a feller with a claim up tu
the nighest bough
An *prectises* the rights o man puctects
downtrodden debtors,
Ner wunt hev creditors about ascrougin
o their betters
Jeff's got the last ideas ther' is poscrip
fourteenth edition
He knows it takes some enterprise to run
an oppersition
Ourns the fust thru by daylight train
with all ou doors for deepot
Yourn goes so slow you'd think twuz
drawed by a las cent'ry teapot —

“IT’S SOME CONSID’BLE

Wal, I gut all on’t paid in gold afore
our State seceded,
An’ done wal, for Confed’rit bonds warn’t
jest the cheese I needed
Nut but wut they’re ez *good* ez gold, but
then it’s hard a-breakin’ on ’em,
An’ ignorant folks is ollers sot an’ wun’t
git used to takin’ on ’em,
They’re wuth ez much ez wut they wuz
afore old Mem’nger signed ’em,
An’ go off middlin’ wal for drinks, when
ther’s a knife behind ’em,
We *du* miss silver, jes’ fer thet an’ ridin’
in a bus,
Now we’ve shook off the desputs thet
wuz suckin’ at our pus,
An’ it’s *because* the South’s so rich, ’twuz
nat’ral to expec’
Supplies o’ change wuz jes’ the things
we shouldn’t recollect’,
We’d ough’ to ha’ thought aforehan’,
though, o’ thet good rule o’ Crockett’s,
For ’t ’s tiresome cairn’ cotton-bales an’
niggers in your pockets,
Ner ’tain’t quite hendy to pass off one
o’ your six-foot Guineas
An’ git your halves an’ quarters back in
gals an’ pickaninnies
Wal, ’tain’t quite all a feller’d ax, but
then ther’s this to say,

OF A SPELL

It's on'y jest among ourselves thet we
 expect' to pay
Our system would ha caird us thru in
 any Bible cent'ry
Fore this onscripted plan come up o
 books by double entry
We go the patriarkle here out o all sight
 an bearin
For Jacob warn't a suckemstance to Jeff
 at financierin
He never'd thought o borryin from Esau
 like all nater
An then confiscatin all debts to sech a
 small pertater
There's p'tickles econmy now combined
 ith morrl beauty
Thet saycrifices privit ends (your in my s,
 tu) to dooty
Wy Jeff'd ha gin him five an won his
 eye-teeth fore he knowed it,
An stid o wastin pottage hed ha eat
 it up an owed it.

•

But I wuz goin on to say how I come
 here to dwell —
Nough said thet arter lookin roun
 I liked the place so wal
Where niggers does a double good with
 us atop to stiddy em

"IT'S SOME CONSID'BLE

By bein' proofs o' prophecy an' suckleatin'
medium,
Where a man's sunthin' cos he's white,
an' whisky's cheap ez fleas,
An' the financial pollercy jes' sooted my
idees,
Thet I friz down right where I wuz,
merried the Widder Shennon
(Her thirds wuz part in cotton land, part
in the curse o' Canaan),
An' here I be ez lively ez a chipmunk
on a wall,
With nothin' to feel riled about much
later'n Eddam's fall

Ez fur ez human foresight goes, we made
an even trade
She gut an overseer, an' I a fem'ly ready-
made
(The youngest on 'em's 'mos' growed up),
rugged an' spry ez weazles,
So's ther's no resk o' doctor's bills fer
hoopin'-cough an' measles
Our farm's at Turkey-Buzzard Roost,
Little Big Boosy River,
Wal located in all respek,—fer 'tain't the
chills 'n' fever
Thet makes my writin' seem to squirm,
a Southuner'd allow I'd

OF A SPELL

Some call to shake, for I've jest hed to
meller a new cowhide.
Miss S is all f a lady th aint no
better on Big Boosy
Ner one with more accomplishmunt
twixt here an Tuscaloosy
She's an F F the tallest kind, an
prouder'n the Gran Turk
An never hed a relative thet done a
stroke o work
Hern ain't a scrimp'n fam'ly sech ez you
git up Down East
Th ain't a growed member ont but
owes his thousuns et the least
She is some old but then agin ther's
drawbacks in my sheer
Wut's left o me ain't more'n enough to
make a Brigadier
Wust is, thet she hex tantrums she's like
Seth Moody's gun
(Him thet wuz nicknamed from his limp
Ole Dot an Kerry One)
Hed left her loaded up a spell an hed
to git her clear
So he unhitched,—Jeerusalem! the middle
o last year
Wuz right nex door compared to where
she kicked the crittur tu
(Though ~~jest~~ where he brought up wuz
wut no human never knew)

“IT’S SOME CONSID’BLE

His brother Asaph picked her up an’ tied
her to a tree,
An’ then she kicked an hour ’n’ a half
afore she’d let it be
Wal, Miss S *doos* hev cuttins-up an’
pourins-out o’ vials,
But then she hez her widder’s thurds,
an’ all on uz hez trials
My objec’, though, in writin’ now warn’t
to allude to sech,
But to another suckemstance more delly-
kit to tech,—
I want thet you should grad’lly break my
merriage to Jerushy,
An’ there’s a heap of argymunts thet’s
emple to indooce ye
Fust place, State’s Prison,—wal, it’s true
it warn’t fer crime, o’ course,
But then it’s jest the same fer her in
gittin’ a disvorce,
Nex’ place, my State’s secedin’ out hez
leg’lly lef’ me free
To merry any one I please, pervidin’ it’s
a she,
Fin’lly, I never wun’t come back, she
needn’t hev no fear on’t,
But then it’s wal to fix things right fer
fear Miss S should hear on’t,
Lastly, I’ve gut religion South, an’ Rushy
she’s a pagan

OF A SPELL"

Thet sets by th graven images o the
gret Nothun Dagon
(Now I hain't seen one in six munts for
sence our Treashry Loan
Though yuller boys is thick anough eagles
hez kind o flown)
An ef J wants a stronger pint than them
thet I hev stated
Wy shes an alim in my now an I've
ben confiscated —
For sence we've entered on th estate o
tho late nayshnul engle,
She hain't no kin o right but jes wut I
allow ez legle
Wut does Secedin mean ef tant thet
natrul rights hez riz 'n
Thet wut is mine s my own but wut s
another man s ain't hisn?

Bendes I couldn't do no else Miss S
sez she to me
"You've sheered my bed" [thet s when I
paid my interdiction fee
To Southun rites] an kep your sheer
[wut I allow it sticked
So s't I wuz most six weeks in jail afore
I gut me picked],
Ner never paid no demmiges but thet
wun't do no harm

“IT’S SOME CONSID’BLE

Pervidin’ thet you’ll undertake to oversee
the farm

(My eldes’ boy is so took up, wut with
the Ringtail Rangers

An’ settin’ in the Jestice-Court for wel-
comin’ o’ strangers”)

[He sot on *me*], “an’ so, ef you’ll jest
undertake the care

Upon a mod’rit sellery, we’ll up an’ call
it square,

But ef you *can’t* conclude,” sez she, an’
give a kin’ o’ grin,

“Wy, the Gran’ Jury, I expect, ’ll hev to
set agin ”

Thet’s the way metters stood at fust,
now wut wuz I to du,

But jes’ to make the best on’t an’ off coat
an’ buckle tu ?

Ther’ ain’t a livin’ man thet finds an
income necessarier

Than me — bimeby I’ll tell ye how I
fin’lly come to merry her

c

She hed another motive, tu I mention
of it here

T’ encourage lads thet’s growin’ up to
study ’n’ persevere,

An’ show ’em how much bæter’t pays to
mind their winter schoolin’

OF A SPELL"

Than to go off on benders n seeli an
waste their time in foolin
Ef twarn't for studyin e enins why I
never d ha been here,
An ornament o society in my appropriat
spear
She wanted somebody ye see o taste an
cultivation
To talk along n preachers when they
stopt to the plantation
For folks in Dixie tht read an rite
unless it is by jarks
Is skurce ez wut they wuz among th
oridgenle patriarchs
To fit a feller f' wut they call the soshle
higherarchy
All thet you've got to know is jes beyond
an evrage darky
Schoolin's wut they cant seem to stan
they're to consarned high pressure
An knowin t much might spile a boy
for bein a Seceshor
We hain't no settled preachin here ner
ministerij taxes
The min ster's only settlement s the carpet
bag he packs his
Razor an soap-brush Intu with his hym-
book an his Bible —
But they zu preach I swan to man it s
puff'ly indescrib'le!

A LETTER

They go it like an Ericsson's ten-hoss-
power coleric engine,
An' make Ole Split-Foot winch an'
squirm, for all he's used to singin',
Hawkins's whetstone ain't a pinch o'
primin' to the innards
To hearn' on 'em put free grace t' a lot
o' tough old sinhard's!
But I must end this letter now 'fore
long I'll send a fresh un,
I've lots o' things to write about, per-
ticklerly Seeshun
I'm called off now to mission work, to
let a leetle law in
To Cynthia's hide an' so, till death,

Yours,

BIRDOFREDDUM SAWIN

Mason and Slidell
A Yankee Idyll



I love to start out arter night's begun
An all the chores about the farm are
done

The critters milked an foddered gates
shet fast,

Tools cleaned aginst to-morrer supper
past,

Au Nancy darnin by her ker'sene lamp —
I love I say to start upon a tramp

To shake the kinkles out o' back an
legs,

An kind o' rack my life off from the
dregs

Thet's apt to settle in the buttery-hutch
Of folks thet foller in one rut too much:
Hard work is good an wholesome, past
all doubt

But 'talut so ef the mind gits tuckered
out.

Now bein born in Middlesex you know
There's certin spots where I like best to
go

MASON AND SLIDELL

The Concord road, for instance (I, for one,
Most gin'lly ollers call it *John Bull's Run*),
The field o' Levin'ton, where England
tried

The fastest colours thet she ever dyed,
An' Concord Bridge, thet Davis, when he
came,

Found was the bee-line track to heaven
an' fame,

Ez all roads be by natur, ef your soul
Don't sneak thru shun-pikes so's to save
the toll

They're 'most too fur away, take too
much time

To visit of'en, ef it ain't in rhyme,
But the' 's a walk thet's hendier, a sight,
An' suits me fust-rate of a winter's
night,—

I mean the round whale's-back o' Prospect
Hill

I love to loiter there while night grows
still,

An' in the twinklin' villages about,
Fust here, then there, the well-saved
lights goes out,

An' nary sound but watch-dogs' false
alarms,

Or muffled cock-crows from the drowsy
farms,

A YANKEE IDILL

Where some wise rooster (men act jest
 that way)
Stands tot that moonrise is the break
 o day
(So Mister Seward sticks a three-months
 pin
Where the war d ough to end then
 tries agin
My gran'ther's rule was safer n us to
 cron
Don't never prophesy—unless ya know)

I love to muse there till it kind o seem
Ex ef the world went eddyin off in
 dreams.
The north-west wind thet twitches at my
 baired
Blows out o sturdier days not easy
 scared
An the same moon thet this December
 shines
Starts out the tents an booths o Putnam's
 lines
The rail fence posts acrost the hill thet
 runs
Turn ghosts o sogers shouldrin ghosts
 o guns
Ex wheels the sentry glints a flash o
 light
Along the firelock won at Concord Fight

MASON AND SLIDELL

An', 'twixt the silences, now fur, now
nigh,
Rings the sharp challenge, hums the low
reply

Ez I was settin' so, it warn't long sence,
Mixin' the puffict with the present tense,
I heerd two voices som'ers in the air,
Though, ef I was to die, I can't tell
where

Voices I call 'em 'twas a kind o' sough
Like pine trees thet the wind's a-geth'rin'
through,

An', fact, I thought it *was* the wind
a spell,

Then some misdoubted, couldn't fairly
tell,

Fust sure, then not, jest as you hold
an eel,

I knowed, an' didn't, — fin'lly seemed to
feel

'Twas Concord Bridge a-talkin' off to kill
With the Stone Spike thet's druv thru
Bunker's Hill,

Whether 'twas so, or ef I on'y dreamed,
I couldn't say, I tell it ez it seemed

A YANKEE IDYLL

The Bridge

Wal neighbour tell us, wut's turned up
 that's new?
You re younger'n I be —nigher Boston tu
An down to Boston ef you take their
 showin
Wut they don't know aln't hardly wuth
 the knowin
There's *swathin* gola on I know las
 night
The British sogers killed in our gret
 fight
(Nigh fifty year they hedn't stirred nor
 spoke)
Made sech a coll you'd thought n dam
 hed brake
Why one he up an beat a revellee
With his own crossbones on a holler tree
Till all the graveyards swarmed out like
 a bive
With faces I haint seen sence Seventy
 five.
Wut is the news? 'Taint good or they'd
 be cheerin
Speak slow an clear for I'm some hard
 o hearin

The Monument

I don't know hardly ef it's good or bad —
(1867) 113 9

MASON AND SLIDELL

The Bridge

At wust, it can't be wus than wut we've
had

The Monument

You know them envys thet the Rebbles
sent,
An' Cap'n Wilkes he borried o' the *Trent*?

The Bridge

Wut! they ha'n't hanged 'em? Then their
wits is gone!
Thet's the sure way to make a goose
a swan!

The Monument

No England she *would* hev 'em, *Fee,*
Faw, Fum!
(Ez though she hedn't fools enough to
home,)
So they've returned 'em——

The Bridge

Hev they? Wal, by heaven,
Thet's the wust news I've heerd sence
Seventy-seven!
By George, I meant to say, though I
declare
It's 'most enough to make a deacon swear

A YANKEE IDYLL

The Monument

Now don't go off half-cock folks never
gains
By usin' pepper sarsie instid o' brains.
Come neighbour you don't understan' —

The Bridge

How? Hey?
Not understan'? Why wut's to hender
pray?
Must I go huntin' round to find a chap
To tell me when my face hex hed a slap?

The Monument

See here the British they found out a
flaw
In Cap'n Wilkes's readin' o' the law
(They *make* all laws, you know an' so,
o' course
It's nat'ral they should understan' their
force)
Hed ought to ha' took the vessel into
port '^o
An' hed her sot on by a reg'lar court
She was a mail-ship an' a steamer tu
An' that they say hex changed the plint
o' view
Cuz the old practice bein' meant for sails
Ef tried upon a steamer kind o' fails

MASON AND SLIDELL

You *may* take out despatches, but you
mus'n't
Take nary man——

The Bridge

You mean to say, you dus'n't!
Changed pint o' view! No, no,—it's over-
board
With law an' gospel, when their ox is
gored!
I tell ye, England's law, on sea 'n land,
Hez ollers ben, "*I've gut the heaviest
hand*"
Take nary man? Fine preachin' from *her*
lips!
Why, she hez taken hundreds from our
ships,
An' would agin, an' swear she had a
right to,
Ef we warn't strong enough to be
perlite to
Of all the sarse thet I can cañ to mind,
England *doos* make the most onpleasant
kind
It's you're the sinner ollers, she's the
saint,
Wut's good's all English; all thet isn't
ain't,

A YANKEE IDYLL

Wut profits her is ollers right an just
An ef you don't read Scriptur so you
must
She s praised herself until she fairly
thinks
There alnt no light in Natur when she
winks
Halnt she the Ten Commanments in her
pus?
Could the world stir 'thout she went tu
ex nus?
She an't like other mortals thet's a
fact
Ske never stopped the habus-corpus act,
Nor specie payments nor she never yet
Cut down the int'rest on her public debt
Ske don't put down rebellions, lets em
breed
An s ollers willin Ireland should secede
She s all thet's honest honnable, an
fair
An when the vartoon died, they made her
heir

The Monument

Wal wal two wrongs dont never make
a right
Ef were mistaken own it an dont
fight

A YANKEE IDILL'

With Rooshy Prooshy Austray all
assistin

Th ain't nut a face but wut she's shook
her fist in

Ex though she done it all an ten times
more,

An nothin never hed gut done afore,

Nor never could agin 'thout she wuz
spliced

On to one eend an gin th old aith a
hoist.

She is some punkins that I wunt deny
(For ain't she some related to you n I?)

But there's a few small intrists here
below

Outside the counter of John Bull an Co.
An though they can't conceit how't should
be so

I guess the Lord druv down Creation's
spiles

'Thout no *gret* helpin from the British
Isles,

An could contrive to keep things pooty
stiff

Ef they withdrewed from business in a
miff

I han't no patience with sech swellin
fellers ex

Think God can't forge 'thout them to
blow the bellerses.

MASON AND SLIDELL

The Monument

You're ollers quick to set your back
aridge,
Though't suits a tom-cat more'n a sober
bridge
Don't you git het they thought the
thing was planned,
They'll cool off when they come to under-
stand

The Bridge

Ef *that's* wut you expect, you'll *hev* to
wait
Folks never understand the folks they
hate
She'll fin' some other grievance jest ez
good,
'Fore the month's out, to git misunder-
stood
England cool off! She'll do it, ef she
sees
She's run her head into a swarm o'
bees
I ain't so prejudiced ez wut you spose
I hev thought England was the best thet
goes
Remember (no, you can't), when *I* was
reared,
God save the King was all the tune you
heerd

A YANKEE IDILL

But it's enough to turn Wachuset roun
This stumplin fellers when you think
they're down.

The Monument

But, neighbour ef they prove their claim
at law
The best way is to settle an not jaw
An don't be s mutter 'bout the awflo
bricks
We'll give em ef we ketch em in a fix
That ere's most frequently the kin o
talk
Of critters cant be locked to toe the
chalk
Your You'll see nex' time!" an Look
out bumby!"
Most ollers ends in eatin umble pie.
'Twun't pay to scringe to England will
it pay
To fear that meaner bully old They'll
say?"
Suppose they ~~do~~ say words are dreffle
bores,
But they ain't quite so bad ez seventy
fours.
Wut England wants is jest a wedge to
fit
Where it'll help to widen out our split

MASON AND SLIDELL

She's found her wedge, an' 'tain't for us
to come
An' lend the beetle thet's to drive it
home
For growed-up folks like us 'twould be a
scandle,
When we git sarsed, to fly right off the
handle
England ain't *all* bad, coz she thinks us
blind
Ef she can't change her skin, she can
her mind,
An' we shall see her change it double-
quick,
Soon ez we've proved thet we're a-goin'
to lick
She an' Columby's gut to be fas' friends
For the world prospers by their privit
ends
'Twould put the clock back all o' fifty
years
Ef they should fall together by the ears

The Bridge

I 'gree to thet, she's nigh us to wut
France is,
But then she'll hev to make the fust ad-
vances,

A YANKEE IDYLL

We've gut pride tu an gut it by good
rights,
An ketch *me* stoopin to pick up the
mites
O condescension she'll be lettin fall
When she finds out we alnt dead arter
all!
I tell ye wut it takes more'n one good
week
Afore *my* nose forgats it's hed a tweak.

The Monument

She'll come out right bumbly thet I'll
engage
Soon ez she gits to seein we're of age
This talkin down o hers aint wuth a
fuss
It's natral ez nut likin 'tis to us
Ef we're agoin to prove we *be* growed
up
Twunt be by barkin like a tarrier pup
But turnin to an makin things ez good
Ex wut we're ollers braggin that we
could
We're bound to be good friends an so
wed ough to,
In spite of all the fools both sides the
water

MASON AND SLIDELL

The Bridge

I b'lieve thet's so, but hearken in your
ear,—
I'm older'n you, — Peace won't keep
house with Fear
Ef you want peace, the thing you've gut
to du
Is/jes' to show you're up to fightin', tu
//recollect how sailors' rights was won,
Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip kissin'
gun
Why, afore thet, John Bull sot up thet he
Hed gut a kind o' mortgage on the sea,
You'd thought he held by Gran'ther
Adam's will,
An' ef you knuckle down, *he'll* think so
still
Better thet all our ships an' all their
crews
Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamless
ooze,
Each torn flag wavin' challenge ez it
went,
An' each dumb gun a brave man's moni-
ment,
Than seek sech peace ez only cowards
crave
Give *me* the peace of dead nfen or of
brave!

A YANKEE IDYLL

The Monument

I say ole boy it aint the Glorious Fourth
Youd ough to larned fore this wut talk
wuz worth.

It aint *our* nose thet gits put out o
jint

It's England thet gives up her dearest
pint.

We've gut, I tell yo now enough to du
In our own fem'ly fight, afore we re thru.
I hoped las spring jes arter Sumter's
shame,

When every flagstaff flapped its tethered
flame,

An all the people, startled from their
doubt

Come must'rin to the flag with sech n
shout —

I hoped to see things settled Yore this
fall

The Rebbles licked Jeff Davis hanged
an all

Then come Bull Run an *sence* then I vo
ben waitin

Like boys in Jennoary thaw for skatin
Nothin to du but watch my shadder's
trace

Swing like a ship at anchor roun my
base,

MASON AND SLIDELL

With daylight's flood an' ebb it's gittin'
slow,
An' I 'most think we'd better let 'em go
I tell ye wut, this war's agoin' to cost——

The Bridge

An' I tell *you* it wun't be money lost,
Taxes milks dry, but, neighbour, you'll
allow
Thet havin' things onsettled kills the
cow
We've gut to fix this thing for good
an' all,
It's no use buildin' wut's agom' to fall
I'm older'n you, an' I've seen things an'
men,
An' *my* experunce,—tell ye wut it's ben
Folks thet worked thorough was the ones
thet thriv,
But bad work follers ye ez long's ye live,
You can't git red on't, jest ez sure ez
sin,
It's ollers askin' to be done agin '
Ef we should part, it wouldn't be a week
'Fore your soft-soddered peace would
spring a leak
We've turned our cuffs up, but, to put
her thru,
We must git mad an' off with jackets, tu

A YANKEE IDYLL

Twunt du to think thet killin aint
perilte,—
You've gut to be in earnest, ef you fight
Why two-thurds o the Rebbles ould cut
dirt,
Ef they once thought thet Guvment
meant to hurt
An I *do* wish our Gin'rais hed in mind
The folks in front more than the folks
behind
You want do much ontill you think its
God
An not constitoounts thet holds the rod
We want some more o Gideon's sword
I jedge
For proclamations hant no gret of edge
There's nothin for a cancer but the
knife,
Qnless you set by t more than by your
lfe,
I've seen hard times I see a war begun
Thet folks thet love their bellies never'd
won
Pharo's^o lean kine hung on for seven long
year
But when twas done, we didnt count
it dear
Why law an order honour civil right
Ef they *aint* wuth it wut is wuth a
fight?

MASON AND SLIDELL

I'm older'n you the plough, the axe,
the mill,
All kin's o' labour an' all kin's o' skill,
Would be a rabbit in a wile-cat's claw,
Ef 'twarn't for thet slow critter, 'stab-
lished law,
Onsettle *thet*, an' all the world goes whiz,
A screw's got loose in everythin' there
is
Good buttresses once settled, don't you
fret
An' stir 'em, take a bridge's word for
thet'
Young folks are smart, but all ain't good
thet's new,
I guess the gran'thers they knowed sun-
thin', tu

The Moniment

Amen to thet' build sure in the beginnin',
An' then don't never tech the' under-
pinnin'
Th' older a guv'ment is, the better 't suits,
New ones hunt folk's corns out like new
boots
Change jes' for change is like those big
hotels

A YANKEE IDYLL

Where they shift plates an let ye live on
smells.

The Bridge

Wal dont give up afore the ship goes
down

Its a stiff gale, but Providence wunt
drown

An God wunt leave us yit to sink or
swim

Ef we dont fall to du wuts right by
Him.

This land o oun I tell ye s gut to be
A better country than man ever see.

I feel my sperit swellio with a cry

That seems to say Break forth an
prophesy!

O strange New World thet yit wast
never young

Whose youth from thes by gripin need
was wrung

Brown foundlin o the woods, whose
baby-bed

Was prowled roun by the Injun s crack
lin tread

An who grew't strong thru shifts an
wants an pains

Nussed by stern men with empires in
their brains

MASON AND SLIDELL

Who saw in vision their young Ishmel
 strain
With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane,
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret
 events
To pitch new States ez Old-World men
 pitch tents,—
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's
 plan
Thet man's devices can't unmake a man,
An' whose free latch-string never was
 drawed in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin,—
The grave's not dug where traitor hands
 shall lay
In fearful haste thy murdered corse away!
I see——

Jest here some dogs begun to bark,
So thet I lost old Concord's last remark
I listened long, but all I seemed to hear
Was dead leaves goss'pin' on some birch
 trees near,
But ez they hedn't no gret things to say,
An' sed 'em often, I come right away,
An', walkin' home'ards, jest to pass the
 time,
I put some thoughts that bowered me in
 rhyme,

A YANKEE IDYLL

I haint hed time to fairly try 'em on
But here they be—it s

JONATHAN TO JOHN

It don't seem hardly right John
When both my hands was full
To stump me to a fight John—
Your cousin tu John Bull
Ole Uncle S. sez he "I guesa
We know it now" sez he
The lion's paw is all the law
Accordin to J B
Thet s fit for you an me!"

You wonder why were hot John?
Your mark wuz on the guns,
The neutral guns, thet shot John,
Our brothers an our sons
Ole Uncle S sez ho, "I guesa
There s human blood," sez he
By fits an starts in Yankee hearts
Though't may surprise J B
More n it would you an me"

Ef I turned mad dogs loose John
On *your* front parlour stairs
Would it jex meet your views, John
To wait an sue their heirs?

MASON AND SLIDELL

Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess,
I on'y guess," sez he,
"Thet ef Vattel on *his* toes fell,
'Twould kind o' rile J B,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Who made the law thet hurts, John,
Heads I win,—ditto tails?

"J B" was on his shirts, John,
Unless my memory fails
Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess
(I'm good at thet)," sez he,
"Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest* the juice
For ganders with J B,
No more'n with you or me!"

When your rights was our wrongs, John,
You didn't stop for fuss,—
Britanny's trident prongs, John,
Was good 'nough law for us
Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess,
Though physic's good," sez he,
"It doesn't foller thet he can swaller
Prescriptions signed '*J B*', '
Put up by you an' me!"

We own the ocean, tu, John
You mus'n't take it hard,
Ef we can't think with you, John,
It's *jest* your own backyard

A YANKEE IDYLL

Ole Uncle S sez he I guess
Ef *that's* his claim " sez he
The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough
To bast up friend J B
Ex wal ez you an me!"

Why talk so dresfle big John
Of honour when it meant
You didn't care a fig John
But jest for *ten per cent*?
Ole Uncle S sez he I guess
He s like the rest," sez he
When all is done it s number on
That s nearest to J B
Ex wal ez t you an me!"

We give the critters back, John,
Cos Abram thought 'twas right
It warn't your bullyin clack John
Provokio us to fight.
Ole Uncle S sez he I guess
We vo a hard row " sez he
To hoo jest now but thet somehow
May happen to J B
Ex wal ez you an me!"

We ain't so weak an poor John
With twenty million people
An close to every door John
A schoolhouse an a steeple.

MASON 'AND' SLIDELL

Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess,
It is a fact," sez he,
"The surest plan to make a Man
Is, think him so, J B ,
Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in Law, John,
An' it's for her sake, now,
They've left the axe an' saw, John,
The anvil an' the plough
Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess,
Ef 'twarn't for law," sez he,
"There'd be one shindy from here to Ind'y,
And thet don't suit J B
(When 'tain't 'twixt you an' me!)"

We know we've gut a cause, John,
Thet's honest, just, an' true,
We thought 'twould win applause, John,
Ef nowheres else, from you
Ole Uncle S sez he, "I guess
His love of right," sez he,
"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton
There's natur in J B ,
Ez wal'z in you an' me!"

The South says, "*Poor folks down!*" John,
An' "*All men up!*" say we,—
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John
Now which is your idee?

A YANKEE IDYLL

Ole Uncle S sez he I guess
John preaches wal " sez he
But sermon thru an come to ds
Why there s the old J B
A-crowdin -you an me!"

Shall it be love or hate John?
It s you thet s to decide
Ain t *your* bonds held by Fate John
Like all the world s beside?
Ole Uncle S sez he I guess
Wise men forgive " sez he
But not forgot an some time yit
Thet truth may strike J B
Ex wal ez you an me

God means to make this land John
Clear thru from sea to sea
Believe an understand John
The *walk* o bein free.
Ole Uncle S sez he I guess
God s price is high sez he
But nothin else than wut He sells
Wears long an thet J B
May larn, Ilke you an me!"

"I had it on
my min'"



BIRDOPFEDUM SAWIN, ESQ.,
TO MR HOSEA BIGLOW

I hed it on my min' las' time, when I to
write ye started,
To tech the leadin' featur's o' my gittin'
me convarted,
But, ez my letters hez to go clearn roun'
by way o' Cuby,
'Twun't seem no staler now than then,
by th' time it gits where you be
You know up North, though secs an'
things air plenty ez you please,
Ther' warn't nut one on 'em thet come
jes' square with my idees
They all on 'em wuz too much mixed
with Covenants o' Works,
An' would hev answered jest ez wal for
Afrikins an' Turks,
Fer where's a Christian's privilege an' his
rewards ensuin',
Ef 'tain't perfessin' right an' eend 'thout
nary need o' doin'?'
I dessay they suit workin'-folke thet ain't
noways pertic'lar,

'I HAD IT ON MY MIN

But nut your Southun gen'leman thet
keeps his perpendic'lar
I dont blame nary man thet casts his
lot along o his folkes,
But ef you callate to save me I must
be with folkes thet ar folkes
Cov'nants o works go ginst my grain
but down here I ve found out
The true fus fem'ly Ar plan —here's how
it come about.
When I fus' sot up with Miss S sez she
to me sez she,
Without you git religion sur the thing
cant never be
Nut but wut I respeck," sez she your
intellectle part,
But you wunt nowadays du for me athout
a change o heart
Nothun religion works wal North but it s
ex soft ex spruce,
Compared to ourn for keepin sound " sez
she upon the goose
A day's experunco d prove to ye ez easy x
pull a trigger
It takes the Southun pint o view to raise
ten bales a nigger
You'll fin thet human natur South aint
wholesome more'n skin-deep
An once't a darkey took with it, he wunt
be wuth his keep "

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"

"How *shall* I git it, M'iam?" sez I
"Attend the nex' camp-meetin',"
Sez she, "an' it'll come to ye ez cheap ez
onbleached sheetin' "

Wal, so I went along an' hearn most an
impressive sermon
About besprinklin' Afriky with fourth-
proof dew o' Harmon
He didn't put no weakenin' in, but gin it
tu us hot,
'Z ef he an' Satan'd ben two bulls in one
five-acre lot
I don't purtend to foller him, but give ve
jes' the heads,
For pulpit ellerkence, you know, 'most
ollers kin' o' spreads
Ham's seed wuz gin to us in charge,
an' shouldn't we be h'ble
In Kingdom Come, ef we kep' back their
priv'lege in the Bible?
The cusses an' the promerses make one
gret chain, an' ef
You snake one link out here, one there,
how much on't ud be lef' ?
All things wuz gin to man for's use,
his sarvice, an' delight,
An' don't the Greek an' Heb'ew words
thet mean a Man mean White ?

'I HAD IT 'ON MY WIN

Ain't it belittlin' the Good Book in all its
proudest features
To think 'twuz wrote for black an' brown
an' 'lasses-coloured creatures
That couldn' read it ef they would nor
ain't by lor allowed to
But ough to take wut we think suits
their nature an' be proud to?
Warn't it more profitable to bring your
raw materil thru
Where you can work it into grace an'
into cotton tu,
Than sendin' missionaries out where fevers
might defeat em
An' ef the butcher didn' call their
prishioners might eat em?
An' then agin, wut airthly use? Nor
twarn't our fault, in so fur
Ex Yankee skippers would keep on
a totin' on em over
'T improved the whites by savin' em
from any need o' workin'
An' kep the blacks from bean' lost thru
idleness an' shirkin'
We took to em ex nat'ral ex a barn-owl
doos to mice,
An' hed our hull time on our hands to
keep us out o' vice
It made us feel ex pop'lar ex a hen doos
with one chicken,

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN"

An' fill our place in Natur's scale by
givin' 'em a lickin'
For why should Cæsar git his dues
more'n Juno, Pomp, an' Cuffy?
It's justifyin' Ham to spare a nigger when
he's stuffy
Where'd their soles go tu, like to know,
ef we should let 'em ketch
Freeknowledgism an' Fourierism an' Speri-
toolism an' sech?
When Satan sets himself to work to raise
his very bes' muss,
He scatters roun' onscriptur'l views re-
latin' to Ones'mus

You'd ough' to seen, though, how his facs
an' argymunce an' figgers
Drowed tears o' real conviction from a
lot o' pen'tent niggers!
It warn't like Wilbur's meetin', where
you're shet up in a pew,
Your dickeys sorrin' off your ears, an'
bilin' to be thru,
Ther' wuz a tent clost by thet hed a kag
o' sunthin' in it,
Where you could go, ef you wuz dry, an'
damp ye in a minute,
An' ef you did dror off a spell, ther'
wuzn't no occasion

' I HAD IT ON MY MIN

To lose the thread, because ye see he
bellered like all Bashan.
It's dry work follerin argymunce an so
'twix this an thet
I felt conviction weighin down somehow
inside my hat
It growed an growed like Jonah's gourd
a kin o whirlin katched me
Ontil I fin'ly clean gin out an owned
up thet had fetcht me
An when nine tenths o th perrish took
to tumblin roun an hollerin
I didn fin no gret in th way o turnin
tu an follerin
Soon ez Miss S see thet sez she *Thet's*
wut I call wuth seein !
Thet's actin like a reasonable an intel
lectle bein !"
An so we fin'ly made it up concluded
to hitch hosses,
An here I be n my ellermunt among
creation's bosses
Arter I'd drawed sech heaps o blanks
Fortin at last hex sent a prize
An chose me for a shlan light o
missionary entaprise.

This leads me to another pint on which
I've changed my plan

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN"

O' thinkin' so's 't I might become a
straight-out Southun man
Miss S (her maiden name wuz Higgs,
o' the fus' fem'ly here)
On her Ma's side's all Juggernot, on
Pa's all Cavileer,
An' sence I've merried into her an' stept
into her shoes,
It ain't more'n nateral thet I should
modderfy my views
I've ben a-readin' in Debow until I've
fairly gut
So 'nlightened thet I'd full ez lives ha'
ben a Dook ez nut,
An' when we've laid ye all out stiff, an'
Jeff hez gut his crown,
An' comes to pick his nobles out, *wun't*
this child be in town '
We'll hev an Age o' Chivverlry surpassin'
Mister Burke's,
Where every fem'ly is fus'-best an' nary
white man works
Our system's sech, the thing'll root ez
easy ez a tater,
For while your lords in furrin parts ain't
noways marked by natur,
Nor sot apart from ornery folks in featur
nor in figgers,
Ef oun'll keep their faces washed, you'll
know 'em from their niggers

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN"

Ain't ~~reck~~ things wuth secedin for an
gittin red o you
Thet waller in your low idees an will
till all is blue?
Fact is we ~~are~~ a different race an 1 for
one, dont see,
Sech havin ollers ben the case how w
ever *did* agree.
Its sunthin thet you labrin folks up
North hed ough to think on
Thet Higgess cant bemean themselves
to rulin by a Lincoln —
Thet men (an guv'nors, tu) thet hez
sech Normal names ez Pickens,
Accustomed to no kin o work, 'thout
'tis to givin lickins
Cant manure votes wuth folks thet git
their livins from their farms
An prob'ly think thet Law's ez good ez
hevin coats o arms.
Sence I've ben here, I've bired a chap to
look about for me
To git me a transplantable an thrifty
fem'ly-tree
An he tells ~~me~~ the Sawins is ez much
o Normal blood
Ex Pickens an' the rest on em an
older'n Noah's flood.
Your Normal schools wunt turn ye into
Normals for its clear

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"

Ef eddykatin' done the thing, they'd be
some skurcer here
Pickenses, Boggses, Pettuses, Magoffins,
Letchers, Polks,—
Where can you scare up names like them
among your mudsill folks?
Ther's nothin' to compare with 'em, you'd
fin', ef you should glance,
Among the tip-top femerlies in Englan',
nor in France
I've hearn from 'sponsible men whose
word wuz full ez good's their note,
Men thet can run their face for drinks,
an' keep a Sunday coat,
Thet they wuz all on 'em come down, an'
come down pooty fur,
From folks thet, 'thout their crowns wuz
on, ou' doors wouldn' never stir,
Nor thet ther' warn't a Southun man but
wut wuz *primy fashy*
O' the bes' blood in Europe, yis, an'
Afriky an' Ashy
Sech bein' the case, is't likely we should
bend like cotton wickin',
Or set down under anythin' so low-lived
ez a lickin'?
More'n this,—hain't we the literatoor, an'
science, tu, by gorry?
Hain't we them intellectle twygs, them
giants, Simms an' Maury,

'I HAD IT ON MY MIN'

Each with full twice the ushle brains like
nothin that I know

'Thout 'twuz a double headed calf I see
once to a show?

For all thet, I warn't jest at fust in
favour o secedin

I wuz for layin low a spell to find out
where twuz leadin

For hev'n South-Carliny try her hand at
sepritationin

She takin risks an findin funds an we
co-operationin —

I mean a kin o hangin roun an settin
on the fence

Till Providence plinted how to jump an
save the most expense

I recollected thet ore mine o lead to
Shiraz Centre

Thet bust up Jabez Pettibone, an didn't
want to ventur

Fore I wuz sart'n wut come out ud pay
for wut went in

For swappin silver off for lead aint the
sure way to win

(An fact it *doar* look now ez though—
but folks must live an larn—

We should ^{git} lead, an more n we want
out o the Old Consarn)

“*I HAD IT ON MY MIN*”

But when I see a man so wise an' honest
ez Buchanan
A-lettin' us hev all the forts an' all the
arms an' cannon,
Admittin' we wuz nat'lly right an' you
wuz nat'lly wrong,
Coz you wuz lab'rin' folks an' we wuz
wut they call *bong-tong*,
An' coz there warn't no fight in ye more'n
in a mashed potater,
While two o' us can't skurcely meet but
wut we fight by natur,
An' th' ain't a bar-room here would pay
for openin' on't a night,
Without it giv the priverlege o' bein'
shot at sight,
Which proves we're Natur's noblemen,
with whom it don't surprise
The British aristoxxy should feel boun' to
sympathize,—
Seen' all this, an' seen', tu, the thing wuz
strikin' roots
While Uncle Sam sot still in hopes thet
some one'd bring his boots,
I thought th' ole Union's hoops wuz off,
an' let myself be sucked in
To rise a peg an' jine the crowd thet
went for reconstructin',—
Thet is, to hev the pardnership under th'
ole name continner

I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"

Jest ez it wuz, we dorrin pay you findin
bone an sinner —
Only to put it in the bond an enter t in
the journals
Thet you're the nat'ral rank an file, an
we the nat'ral kurnels.

Now this I thought a fees'ble plan thet
ud work smooth ez grease,
Sultin the Nineteenth Century an Upper
Ten ideas,
An there I meant to stick, an so did
most o th leaders tu
Cox we all thought the chance wuz good
o puttin on it thru
But Jeff he hit upon a way o helpin on
us forrard
By bein unannermous—a trick you aint
quite up to Norrard.
A Baldin baln't no more f a chance with
them new apple-corers
Than folks's oppersition views against the
Ringtail Roarers
They'll take em out on him 'bout east
—one canter on a rail
Makes a man feel unannermous ez Jonah
in the whale
Or ef he's a slow moulded cuss thet can't
seem quite t gree,

"I HAD 'IT ON MY MIN'"

He guts the noose by tellergraph upon
the nighes' tree
Their mission work with Afrikins hez put
'em up, thet's sartin,
To all the mos' across-lot ways o' preachin
an' convartin',
I'll bet my hat th' ain't nary priest, nor
all on 'em together,
Thet cairs conviction to the min' like
Reveren' Taranfeather,
Why, he sot up with me one night, an'
laboured to sech purpose,
Thet (ez an owl by daylight 'mongst a flock
o' teazin' chirpers
Sees clearer'n mud the wickedness o' eatin'
little birds)
I see my error an' agreed to shen it
arterwurds,
An' I should say (to jedge our folks by
facs in my possession),
Thet three's Unannermous where one's
a 'Riginal Secession,
So it's a thing you fellers North may safely
bet your chink on,
Thet we're all water-proofed agin th'
usurpin' reign o' Lincoln

Jeff's *some* He's gut another plan thet
hez pertic'lar merits,

'I HAD IT ON MY MIND'

In givin things a cheerfie look an stiffnin
loose-hung apents
For while your million papers, wut with
lyin an discussin
keeps folks s tempers all on eend a-fummin
an a-fussin
A wondrin this an guessin thet, an
dreadin every night
The breechin o the Univarze 'll break
afere its light,
Our papers don't putend to print on y
wut Guv'ment choose,
An thet ensures us all to git the very
best o noose
Jest hez it of all sorts an kins an sarves
it out ez wanted
So s t every man gits wut he likes an
nobody aln't scanted
Sometimes it's victries (they're 'bout all
ther' is that's cheap down here)
Sometimes it's France an England on
the jump to interfere.
Fact is the less the people know o wut
ther' is a-doin
The hendler tis for Guv'ment sence it
hendens trouble brewin
An noose is like a shinplaster — it's good
ef you believe it
Or wut's all same the other man thet's
goin to receive it

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN'"

Ef you've a son in th' army, wy, it's
 comfortin' to hear
He'll hev no gretter resk to run than
 seein' th' in'my's rear,
Coz, ef an' F F looks at 'em, they ollers
 break an' run,
Or wilt right down ez debtors will thet
 stumble on a dun
(An' this, ef an'thin', proves the wuth o'
 proper fem'ly pride,
Fer sech mean shucks ez creditors are all
 on Lincoln's side),
Ef I hev scrip thet wun't go off no more'n
 a Belgin rifle,
An' read thet it's at par on 'Change, it
 makes me feel deli'fle,
It's cheerin', tu, where every man mus'
 fortify his bed,
To hear thet Freedom's the one thing
 our darkies mos'ly dread,
An' thet experunce, time 'n' agin, to
 Dixie's Land hez shown
Ther's nothin' like a powder cask fer a
 stiddy corner-stone,
Ain't it ez good ez nuts, when salt is
 sellin' by the ounce
For its own weight in Treash'ry-bons (ef
 bought in small amounts),
When even whisky's gittin' skurce, an'
 sugar can't be found,

I HAD IT ON MY MIND

To know that all the elements o' luxury
abound?
An' don't it glorify ~~sal~~ pork to come to
understand
It's wut the Richmon' editors call fatness
o' the land?
Nex' thing to knowin' you're well off is
~~not~~ to know when y' ain't
An' ef Jeff says all's goin' wal' who'll
ventur' t' say it ain't?

This cairn the Constitooshun roun' ez
Jeff does in his hat
Is hendier a drestle sight an' comes more
kin o' pat.
I tell ye wut my jedgment is you're
pooty sure to fall
Ex long & the head keeps turnin' back
for counsel to the tall
Th' advantages of our consarn for bein'
prompt air gret,
While 'long o' Congress you can't strike,
'f you git an iron het
They bother roun' with argoolin' an'
var'ous sorts o' foolin'
To make sure ef it's leg'lly het, and all
the while it's coolin'
So s' t' when you come to strike it ain't
no gret to wish ye j'y on

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN"

An' hurts the hammer 'z much or more
ez wut it doos the iron
Jeff don't allow no jawin'-sprees for three
months at a stretch,
Knowin' the ears long speeches suits air
mostly made to metch,
He jes' ropes in your tonguey chaps an'
reg'lar ten-inch bores,
An' lets 'em play at Congress, ef they'll
du it with closed doors,
So they ain't no more bothersome than
ef we'd took an' sunk 'em,
An' yit enj'y th' exclusive right to one
another's Buncombe
'Thout doin' nobody no hurt, an' 'thout its
costin' nothin',
Their pay bein' jes' Confedrit funds, they
findin' keep an' clothin',
They taste the sweets o' public life, an'
plan their little jobs,
An' suck the Treash'ry (no gret harm,
for it's ez dry ez cobs),
An' go thru all the motions jest ez safe
ez in a prison,
An' hev their business to themselves, while
Buregard hez hisn
Ez long 'z he gives the Hessians fits,
committees can't make bother
'Bout whether 't's done the legle way or
whether 't's done the t'other

' I HAD IT ON MY MIND "

An I tell you you've got to learn that
War ain't one long teeter
Betwixt I was to an *Twent de* de-
bator like a skeeter
Afore he lights—all is to give the other
side a millin
An arter that's done, th aint no resk
but wut the lor'll be willin
No metter wut the gov'ment is ez nigh
ez I can hit it
A lickin's constitootional pervidin II
don't git it.
Jeff don't stan dilly-dallyin afore he takes
a fort
(With no one in) to git the leave o the
nex' Soopreme Court
Nor don't want forty seven weeks o
jawn an expoundin
To prove a nigger hez a right to save him
ef he's drownin
Whereas ole Abram'd sink afore he'd let
a darkey boost him
Ef Taney shouldn't come along an hedn't
interdooced him.
It ain't your twenty millions thet'll ever
block Jeff's game,
But one Man thet wun't let em jog jest
ez he's takin um
Your numbers they may strengthen ye
or weaken ye, ez t happens

"I HAD IT ON MY MIN"

They're willin' to be helpin' hands or
wuss'n-nothin' cap'ns

I've chose my side, an' 'tain't no odds ef I
wuz drawed with magnets,
Or ef I thought it prudenter to jine the
nighes' bagnets,
I've made my ch'ice, an' ciphered out, from
all I see an' heard,
Th' ole Constitooshun never'd git her
decks for action cleared,
Long 'z you elect for Congressmen poor
shotes thet want to go
Coz they can't seem to git their grub no
otherways than so,
An' let your bes' men stay to home coz
they wun't show ez talkers,
Nor can't be hired to fool ye an' sof'-soap
ye at a caucus,—
Long 'z ye set by Rotashun more'n ye do
by folks's merits,
Ez though experunce thriv by change o'
sile, like corn an' kerrits,—
Long 'z you allow a critter's "claims" coz,
spite o' shoves an' tippins,
He's kep' his private pan jest where 'twould
ketch mos' public drippins,—
Long 'z A.'ll turn tu an' grin' B's exe, ef
B'll help him grin' hisn

I HAD IT ON MY MIN "

(An thet's the main idee by which your
leadin men hev risen) —

Long 'x you let *any* exo be groun 'less
'tis to cut the weasan

O sneaks thet dunno till they re told wut
is an wut aint Trenson —

Long x ye give out commissions to a lot
o peddllog drones

Thet trade in whisky with their men and
skin em to their bones,—

Long x ye sift out "safe" canderdates
thet no one aint afeard on

Cox they're so thundrin eminent for bein
never heard on

An haint no record ez it's called for
folks to pick a hole in

Ez ef it hurt a man to hev o body with
n soul in

An it wuz ostentashun to be showin oot
about

When half his feller citzens contrive to
du without,—

Long 'x you suppose your votes can turn
biled kebbage into brain

An ary man thet's pop'lar's fit to drive a
lightnin -train,—

Long x you believe democracy means *I'm*
ez good ez you be

An thet's a feller from the ranks cant be
a knave or booby —

“*I HAD IT ON MY MIN*”

Long 'z Congress seems purvided, like
yer street cars an' yer 'busses,
With ollers room for jes' one more o'
your spiled-in-bakin' cusses,
Dough 'thout the emptins of a soul, an'
yit with means about 'em
(Like essence-peddlers¹) thet'll make folks
long to be without 'em,
Jes' heavy 'nough to turn a scale thet's
doubtfe the wrong way,
An' make their nat'ral arsenal o' bein'
nasty pay,—
Long 'z them things last (an' *I* don't see
no gret signs of improvin'),
I sha'n't up stakes, not hardly yit, nor
'twouldn't pay for movin',
For, 'fore you lick us, it'll be the long'st
day ever *you* see
Yourn (ez I 'spec' to be nex' spring),
B , MARKISS O' BIG BOOSY

¹ A rustic euphemism for the American variety of the *Mephitis*

Festina Lente

Once on a time there was a pool
Fringed all about with flag leaves cool
And spotted with cow lilies garish
Of frogs and pouts the ancient parish.
Alders the creaking redwings sink on
Tussocks that house blithe Bob o' Lin
coln
Hedged round the unassailed seclusion
Where muskrats piled their criss Car
thuslan
And many a moss-embroidered log
The watering place of summer frog
Slept and decayed with patient skill
As watering-places sometimes will.

Now in this Abbey of Thelene
Which realized the fairest dream
That ever dozing bull-frog had
Sunned on a half-sunk lily pad
There rose a party with a mission
To mend the polliwogs condition
Who notified the selectmen
To call a meeting there and then

FESTINA LENTE

"Some kind of steps," they said, "are
needed,

They don't come on so fast as we did
Let's dock their tails, if that don't make
'em

Frogs by brevet, the Old One take 'em!
That boy, that came the other day
To dig some flag-root down this way,
His jack-knife left, and 'tis a sign
That Heaven approves of our design
'Twere wicked not to urge the step on,
When Providence has sent the weapon "

Old croakers, deacons of the mire,
That led the deep batrachian choir,
Uh' Uh' Caronk! with bass that might
Have left Lablache's out of sight,
Shook nobby heads, and said, "No go!
You'd better let 'em try to grow
Old Doctor Time is slow, but still
He does know how to make a pill "

But vain was all their hoarsest bass,
Their old experience out of place,
And spite of croaking and entreating,
The vote was carried in marsh-meeting

"Lord knows," protest the polliwogs,
"We're anxious to be grown-up frogs,

FESTINA LENTE

But do not undertake the work
Of Nature till she prove a shark
'Tis not by jumps that she advances,
But wins her way by circumstances
Pray wait awhile until you know
Were so contrived as not to grow
Let Nature take her own direction
And she'll absorb our imperfection
You mightn't like em to appear with
But we must have the things to steel
with."

No " piped the party of reform
All great results are taken by storm
Fate holds her best gifts till we show
We've strength to make her let them
go

No more reject the Ages chrism
Your queues are an anachronism
No more the Future's promise mock
But lay your tails upon the block,
Thankful that we the means have voted
To have you thus to frogs promoted."

The thing was done, the tails were
cropped,
And home each philotadpole hopped
In faith rewarded to exult
And wait the beautiful result.

FESTINA LENTE

Too soon it came, our pool, so long
The theme of patriot bull-frogs' song,
Next day was reeking, fit to smother,
With heads and tails that missed each
other,--

Here snoutless tails, there tailless snouts,
The only gainers were the pouts

MORAL

From lower to the higher next,
Not to the top, is Nature's text,
And embryo Good, to reach full stature,
Absorbs the Evil in its nature

A Message of Jeff Davis in Secret Session



CONJECTURALLY REPORTED
BY F. SUGLOW

I sent you a messige my friens, t other
day

To tell you I d nothin pertiekler to say
"Twuz the day our new nation gut kin o
stillborn,

So twuz my pleasant dooty t acknow
ledge the corn

An I see clearly then ef I didnt before
Thet the *angur* in Inauguration means
bore

I needn't tell *you* thet my messige wuz
written

To diffuse correc notions in France an
Gret Britten

An agin to impress on the poppylar
mind

The comfort an wisdom o goin it
blind —

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

To say that I didn't abate not a hooter
O' my faith in a happy an' glorious
futur,

Ez rich in each soshle an' p'litickle
blessin'

Ez them that we now hed the joy o'
possessin',

With a people united, an' longin' to die
For wut we call their country, without
askin' why,

An' all the gret things we concluded to
slope for

Ez much within reach now ez ever—to
hope for

We've all o' the elements, this very
hour,

Thet make up a fus'-class, self-governin'
power

We've a war, an' a debt, an' a flag
of this

Ain't to be interpendunt, why, wut on
airth is?

An' nothin' now henders our takin' our
station

Ez the freest, enlightenedest, civilized
nation,

Built up on our bran'-new politickle
thesis

Thet a Gov'ment's fust right is to tumble
to pieces,—

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

I say nothin henders our takin our
place
Ez the very fus-best o the whole human
race,
A-spittin tobacker ez proud ez you please
On Victory's bes carpets, or loafin at
ease
In the Tool'ries front-parlour discussin
affairs
With our heels on the backs o Napoleon's
new chairs,
An princes a mixin our cocktails an
slings —
Excep wal excep jest a very few things
Sech ez navies an armies an wherewith
to pay
An gittin our sogers to run t other way
An not be too over-pertickler in tryin
To hunt up the very las ditches to die
in.

Ther' are critters so base that they want
it explained
Jes' wut is the totle amouot that we've
gained,
Ez ef we could maysure stupenjious events
By the low Yankee stanard o dollars an
cents
They seem to forgit, that, sence last year
revolved

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

We've succeeded in gittin' seceshed an'
dissolved,
An' that no one can't hope to git thru
dissolootion
'Thout some kin' o' strain on the best Con-
stitootion
Who asks for a prospec' more flettrin' an'
bright,
When from here clean to Texas it's all one
free fight?
Hain't we rescued from Seward the gret
leadin' featur
That makes it wuth while to be reasonin'
creatur?
Hain't we saved Habus Coppers, improved
it in fact,
By suspendin' the Unionists 'stid o' the
Act?
Ain't the laws free to all? Where on airth
else d'ye see
Every freeman improvin' his own rope an'
tree?

It's ne'ssary to take a good confident tone
With the public, but here, jest amongst
us, I own
Things look blacker'n thunder Ther's no
use denyin'
We're clean out o' money, an' 'most out
o' lyin',—

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

Two things a young nation can't manage
without
If she wants to look well at her first coming
out;
For the first supplies physical strength
while the second
Gives a moral advantage that's hard to
be reckoned
For this latter I'm willing to do what I
can
For the former you'll have to consult on a
plan —
Though our *first* want (on this point I want
your best views on)
Is plausible paper to print I O L's on
Some gentlemen think it would cure all
our cankers
In the way of finance if we disengaged
the bankers
And I own the proposal would square with my
views
If their lives weren't all that we'd left in
to lose.
Some say that more confidence might be
inspired
If we voted our cities and towns to be
fired,—
A plan that would suddenly tax our endurance
Cuz 'twould add our own bills we should git
for the insurance

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

But cinders, no matter how sacred we
think 'em,
Mightn't strike furrin minds ez good sources
of income,
Nor the people, perhaps, wouldn't like the
eclaw
O' bein' ill turned into pytriotis by law
Some want we should buy all the cotton
an' burn it,
On a pledge, when we've gut thru the
war, to return it,—
Then to take the proceeds an' hold *then*
ez security
For in issue o' bonds to be met at ma-
turity
With an issue o' notes to be paid in hard
cash
On the fus' Monday tollerin' the 'tarnal
Allsmash
This hez a safe air, in', once hold o' the
gold,
'Ud leave our vile plunderers out in the
cold,
An' *might* temp' John Bull, ef it warn't
for the dip he
Once gut from the banks o' my own
Massissippi
Some think we could make, by arrangin'
the figgers,
A hendy home-currency out of our niggers,

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

But it wun't du to lean much on ary tech
staff

For they're gittin tu current already by
half

One gonnleman says ef we lef' our loan
out

Where Floyd could git hold on t he'd take
it no doubt

But 'tain't jes the takin though t hez' a
good look

We mus git sunthin out on it arter it's
took,

An we need now more n ever with sorer
I own,

Thet some one another should let us a
loan,

Sence a sager wun't fight, on'y jes' while
he draws his

Pay down on the nail for the best of all
causes

'Thout askin to know wut the quarrel's
about,—

An once come to thet, why our game is
played out.

Its ez true ez though I shouldn't never
hev said it,

Thet a hitch hez took place in our system
o' credit

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

I swear it's all right in my speeches an'
messiges,
But ther's ideas afloat, ez ther' is about
sessiges
Folks wun't take a bond ez a basis to trade
on,
Without nosin' round to find out wut it's
made on,
An' the thought more an' more thru the
public min' crosses
Thet our Tresh'ry hez gut 'mos' too many
dead hosses
Wut's called credit, you see, is some like
a balloon,
Thet looks while it's up 'most ez harn-
some 'z a moon,
But once git a leak in't, an' wut looked
so grand
Caves right down in a jiffy ez flat ez your
hand
Now the world is a drestle mean place,
for our sins,
Where ther' ollus is critters about with
long pins
A-prickin' the globes we've blowed up with
sech care,
An' provin' ther's nothin' inside but bad
air
They're all Stuart Millses, poor-whyte trash,
an' sneaks,

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

Without no more chivverly'n Choctaws or
Creeks,
Who think a real gentleman's promise
to pay
Is meant to be took in trade a ornery way
Them fellers an I couldn never agree
They're the naternal foes o the Southun
Idee
I d gladly take all of our other resks on
me
To be red o this low-lived politicks con my !

Now a dastardly notion is gittin about
That our bladder is bust an the gas coom
out
An onless we can mennage in some way
to stop it,
Why the thing's a gone coon an we
might ez wal drop it.
Brag works wal at fust, but it ain't jes
the thing
For a stiddy Inves'ment the shiners to
bring
An votin' we re prosp rous a hundred times
over
Wun't change bein starved into livin on
clover
Manassas done sunthin towrds drawin
the wool

A MESSAGE OF JEFF' DAVIS

O'er the green, anti-slavery eyes o' John
Bull
Oh, *warn't* it a godsend, jes' when sech
tight fixes
Wuz crowdin' us mourners, to throw double-
sixes!
I wuz tempted to think, an' it wuzn't no
wonder,
Ther' wuz reelly a Providence,—over or
under,—
When, all packed for Nashville, I fust
ascertained
From the papers up North wut a victory
we'd gained
'Twuz the time for diffusin' correc' views
abroad
Of our union an' strength an' relyin' on
God,
An', fact, when I'd gut thru my fust big
surprise,
I much ez half b'lieved in my own tallest
lies,
An' conveyed the idee thet the whole
Southun popperlace
Wuz Spartans all on the keen jump for
Thermopperlies,
Thet set on the Lincolnites' bombs till they
bust,
An' fight for the priv'lege o' dyin' the
fust,

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

But Roanoke, Bufort, Millspring an the
rest
Of our recent starn-foremost successes out
West
Hain't left us a foot for our swellin to
stand on,—
We've showed *too much* o wut Buregard
calls *abandon*
For all our Thermopperlies (an it's a
mercy
We haint hed no more) hev ben clean
vicy vasy
An wut Spartans wuz lef' when the battle
wuz done
Wuz them that wuz too unambitious to
run.

Oh ef we hed on y jes gut Reecognition
Things now would ha ben in a different
position!
You'd ha hed all you wanted the paper
blockade
Smashed up into toothpicks—unlimited
trade
In the one thing that's needfle, till niggers
I swow
Hed ben thicker'n provisional shimplasters
now —
Quinine by the ton ginst the shakes when
they seize ye —

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

Nice paper to coin into C S A specie,
The voice of the driver'd be heerd in our
land,
An' the univarse scringe ef we lifted our
hand
Wouldn't *thet* be some like a fulfillin' the
prophecies,
With all the fus' fem'lies in all the fust
offices?
'Twuz a beautiful dream, an' all sorrer is
idle,—
But *ef* Lincoln *would* ha' hanged Mason
an' Slidell!
They ain't o' no good in Européan pellices,
But think wut a help they'd ha' ben on
their gallowses!
They'd ha' felt they wuz truly fulfillin' their
mission,
An', oh, how dog-cheap we'd ha' gut Ree-
cognition!

But somehow another, wutever we've tried,
Though the the'ry's fust-rate, the facts *wun't*
coincide
Facts are contrary 'z mules, an' ez hard in
the mouth,
An' they allus hev showed a mean spite
to the South
Sech bein' the case, we hed best look about

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

For some kin o way to slip *our* necks out
Lo s vote our las dollar ef one can be
found

(An at any rate votin it hez a good
sound) —

Lo s swear that to arms all our people
is flyin

(The critters can't read, an wun't know
how were lyin') —

Thet Toombs is advancin to sack Cincin
nater

With a rovin commission to pillage an
slahter —

Thet we ve throwed to the winds all regard
for wut s lawfle,

An gone in for sunthin promiscu sly awfle.
Ye see, hitherto it's our own knaves an
fools

Thet we've used (those for whetstones, an
t'others ex tools)

An now our las chance is in puttin to
test

The same kin o cattle up North an out
West.

I——But Gennlemen heres a despatch
jes' come in

Which shows that the tides begun turnin
agin —

Gret Cornfedrit success! C'lumbus eeva
coated!

A MESSAGE OF JEFF DAVIS

I mus' run down an' hev the thing properly
stated,
An' show wut a triumph it is, an' how
lucky
To fin'lly git red o' thet cussed Kentucky,—
An' how, sence Fort Donelson, winnin' the
day
Consists in triumphantly gittin' away

Speech of
Honourable Pre-
served Doe in
Secret Caucus



I thank ye, my friends, for the warmth o
your greetin
Ther's few airthly blessins but wut's vau
an fleetin
But ef ther' is one that hain't no cracks
an flaws,
An is wuth gold in for its pop'lar ap-
plause
It sends up the sperits ez lively ez rockets,
An I feel it—wal down to the bend o my
pockets.
Jes' lovin the people is Canaan in view
But its Canaan paid quarterly t hev em
love you
It's a blessin thet's breakin out ollus in
fresh spots
It's a follerin Moses 'thout losin the flesh-
pots.
But, Gennlemen 'scuse me, I ain't sech
a raw cus

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

Ez to go luggin' ellerkence into a caucus,—
Thet is, into one where the call com-
prehens
Nut the People in person, but on'y their
friens,
I'm so kin' o' used to convincin' the
masses
Of th' edvantage o' bein' self-governin'
asses,
I forgut thet *we're* all o' the sort thet pull
wires
An' arrange for the public their wants an'
desires,
An' thet wut we hed met for wuz jes' to
agree
Wut the People's opinions in futur should
be

Now, to come to the nub, we've ben all
disappointed,
An' our leadin' idees are a kind o' dis-
jinted,—
Though, fur ez the nateral man could dis-
cern,
Things ough' to ha' took 'most an opper-
site turn
But The'ry is jes' like a train on the
rail,
Thet, weather or no, puts her thru without
fail,

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

While Fac' s the ole stage thet gits
sloughed in the ruts,
An hez to allow for your darned efs an
buts
An so nut intendin no pers'nal reflections,
They doo't—don't nut allus, thet is—make
connections
Sometimes, when it really doos seem thet
they'd oughter
Combine jest ez kindly ez now rum an
water
Both'll be jest ez sot in their ways ez a
bagnet,
Ex otherwise-minded ez th cends of a
magnet
An folks like you n me, thet aint opt
to be sold
Git somehow or nother left out in the cold

I expected fore this thout no gret of o
row
Jeff D would ha ben where A. Lincoln
is now
With Taney to say twuz all legle an
fair
An a jury o Deemocrats ready to swear
Thet the ingio o State gut throwed into
the ditch
By the fault o the North in misplacin
tje switch.

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

Things wuz ripenin' fust-rate with Bu-
chanan to nuss 'em,
But the People they wouldn't be Mexicans,
cuss 'em!
Ain't the safeguards o' freedom upsot, 'z
you may say,
Ef the right o' rev'lution is took clean
away?
An' doosn't the right *primy'-fashy* in-
clude
The bein' entitled to nut be subdued?
The fact is, we'd gone for the Union so
strong,
When Union meant South ollus right an'
North wrong,
Thet the People gut fooled into thinkin'
it might
Worry on middlin' wal with the North in
the right
We might ha' ben now jest ez prosp'rous
ez France,
Where p'litikle enterprise hez a fair chance,
An' the People is heppy an' proud et this
hour,
Long ez they hev the votes, to let Nap
hev the power,
But *our* folks they went an' believed wut
we'd told 'em,
An', the flag once insulted, no mortle could
hold 'em

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

'Twuz pervokin jest when we wuz cert'in
to win —

An I for one, wun't trust the masses
agin

For a people thet knows much aint fit
to be free

In the self-cockin back-action style o J D

I can't believe now but wut half on't is lies
For who d thought the North wuz agoin
to rise,

Or take the pervokin est kin of a stump
'Thout twuz sunthin ex pressin ez Ga
br'el's las trump?

Or who'd ha supposed arter seck swell
an bluster

Bout the lick-ary-ten-on-ye fighters they d
muster

Raised by hand on braided lightning ez
op'lent z you please,

In a primitive furrest o femmily trees —

Who'd ha thought thet them Southuners
ever ud show

Starns with pedlgrees to 'em like theim to
the foe

Or when the vamoasin come ever to find
Natr'l masters in front an mean white
folks behind?

By ginger ef I d ha known half I know
flow

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

When I wuz to Congress, I wouldn't, I
swow,
Hev let 'em cair on so high-minded an'
sarsy,
'Thout *some* show o' wut you may call
vicy-varsy
To be sure, we wuz under a contrac' jes'
then
To be dreffle forbearin' towards Southun
men,
We hed to go sheers in preservin' the
bellance
An' ez they seemed to feel thêy wuz wastin'
their tellents
'Thout some un to kick, 'twarn't more'n
proper, you know,
Each should funnish his part, an' sence
they found the toe,
An' we wuzn't cherubs—wal, we found the
buffer,
For fear thet the Compromise System
should suffer

I wun't say the plan hedn't onpleasant
featur,—
For men are perverse an' onreasonin'
creatur,
An' forgit thet in this life 'tain't likely to
heppen

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

Their own privit fancy should ollus be
cappen —
But it worked jest ez smooth ez the key
of a safe,
An the gret Union bearins played free
from all chafe.
They warn't hard to suit, ef they hod their
own way
An we (thet is some on us) made the
thing pay
Twuz a fair give an take out of Uncle
Sam's heap
Ef they took wut warn't theern wut we
give come ez cheap
The elect gut the offices down to tide-
waiter
The people took akidnuz ez mild ez a
tater
Seemed to choose who they wanted tu
footed the bills
An felt kind o z though they wuz havin
their wills
Which kep em ez harmless an cherfle
ez crickets,
While all we invested wuz names on the
tickets
Wal ther's nothin for folks fond o lib'ral
consumption
Free o charge like democracy tempered
w'ith gumption!

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

Now warn't that a system wuth pains in
presarvin',
Where the people found jints an' their
friens done the carvin',—
Where the many done all o' their thinkin'
by proxy,
An' were proud on't ez long ez 'twuz
christened Democ'cy,—
Where the few let us sap all o' Freedom's
foundations,
Ef you call it reformin' with prudence
an' patience,
An' were willin' Jeff's snake-egg should
hetch with the rest,
Ef you writ "Constitootional" over the
nest?
But it's all out o' kilter ('twuz too good
to last),
An' all jes' by J D's perceedin' too fast,
Ef he'd on'y hung on for a month or two
more,
We'd ha' gut things fixed nicer'n they
hed ben before
Afore he drawed off an' lef' all in confusion,
We wuz safely entrenched in the ole Con-
stitootion,
With an outlyin', heavy-gun, casemated
fort
To rake all assailants,—I mean th' S J
Court.

SPEECH IN SECRET GAUCUS

Now I never'll acknowledge (nut ef you
should skin me)

'Twuz wise to abandon sech works to
the in my

An let him fin out that wut scared him
so long

Our whole line of argyments lookin so
strong

All our Scriptur' an law every the ry an
fac'

Wuz Quaker-guns daubed with Pro-slavery
black.

Why ef the Republicans ever should git
Andy Johnson or some one to lend em
the wit

An the spunk jes' to mount Constitution
an Court

With Columbiad guns, your real ekle
rights sort,

Or drill out the spike from the ole Declara-
tion

That can kerri a sold shot clearn roun
creation

We d better take maysures for shettin up
shop

An put off our stock by a vendoo or swop

But they wun't never dare tu you'll see
f em in Edom

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

'Fore they ventur to go where their
doctrines 'ud lead 'em
They've ben takin' our princerples up ez
we dropt 'em,
An' thought it wuz terrible 'cute to adopt
'em,
But they'll fin' out 'fore long thet their
hope's ben deceivin' 'em,
An' thet princerples ain't o' no good, ef
you b'lieve in 'em,
It makes 'em tu stiff for a party to
use,
Where they'd ough' to be easy 'z an ole
pair o' shoes
If *we* say'n our pletform thet all men are
brothers,
We don't mean thet some folks ain't more
so'n some others,
An' it's wal understood thet we make a
selection,
An' thet brotherhood kin' o' subsides arter
'lection
The fust thing for sound politicians to
larn is,
Thet Truth, to dror kindly in all sorts o'
harness,
Mus' be kep' in the abstract,—for, come
to apply it,
You're ept to hurt some folks's interists
by it.

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

Wal these are Republicans (some on em)
acts
Ex though ginerel maxims ud suit speshle
facts
An theres where we'll nick em, theres
where they'll be lost
For applyin your principles wut makes
it cost
An folks dont want Fourth o July t'
interfere
With the business consarns o the rest o
the year
No moren they want Sunday to pry an
to peek
Into wut they are doin the rest o the
week.

A ginooine statesman should be on his
guard,
Ef he ~~want~~ hev beliefs nut to b'lieve em
tu hard
For ex sure ex he does, he'll be blartin'
em out
'Thout regardin the natur o man more n
a spout,
Nor it dont ask much gumption to pick
out a flaw
In a party whose leaders are loose in the
jaw

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

An' so in our own case I ventur to hint
Thet we'd better nut air our perceedin's
in print,
Nor pass resserlootions ez long ez your
arm
Thet may, ez things heppen to turn, du
us harm,
For when you've done all your real meanin'
to smother,
The darned things'll up an' mean sunthin'
or 'nother
Jeff'son prob'ly meant wal with his "born
free an' ekle",
But it's turned out a real crooked stick
in the sekle,
It's taken full eighty-odd year—don't you
see?—
From the pop'lar belief to root out thet
idee,
An', arter all, suckers on 't keep buddin'
forth
In the nat'lly onprincipled mind o' the
North
No, never say nothin' without you're com-
pelled tu,
An' then don't say nothin' thet you can
be held tu,
Nor don't leave no friction-idees layin'
loose
For the ign'ant to put to incend'ary use

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

You know I m a feller that keeps a skinned
eye
On the leetle events that go skurryin
by
Coz it's ofner by them than by gret ones
you'll see
Wut the p'tickle weather is likely to be.
Now I don't think the South's more'n
begun to be licked,
But I *do* think, ez Jeff says, the wind-bag's
gut pricked
It'll blow for a spell an keep puffin an
wheezin
The tighter our army an navy keep
squeezin —
For they can't help spread-eaglein long &
ther's a mouth
To blow Enfield's Speaker thru lef' at the
South.
But it's high time for us to be settin our
faces
Towards reconstructin the national basis
With an eye to beginnin agin on the jolly
ticks
We used to chalk up 'hind the backdoor
o politics
An the sus thing's to save wut of Slav'ry
ther's lef'
Arter this (I mus call it) imprudence o
f Jeff

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

For a real good Abuse, with its roots fur
 an' wide,
Is the kin' o' thing *I* like to hev on my
 side,
A Scriptur name makes it ez sweet ez
 a rose,
An' it's tougher the older an' uglier it
 grows—
(I ain't speakin' now o' the righteousness
 of it,
But the p'ltickle purchase it gives, an'
 the profit)

Things look pooty squally, it must be
 allowed,
An' I don't see much signs of a bow in
 the cloud
Ther's too many Deemocrats—leaders,
 wut's wuss—
Thet go for the Union 'thout carin' a cuss
Ef it helps ary party thet ever wuz heard
 on,
So our eagle ain't made a split Austrian
 bird on
But ther's still some consarvative signs
 to be found
Thet shows the gret heart o' the People
 is sound
(Excuse me for usin' a stump phrase agin,

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

But, once in the way on t they *will* stick
like sin)
There's Phillips for instance he's jes
ketch'd a Tartar
In the Law n-Order Party of ole Cin-
cinnater
An the Compromise System ain't gone
out o reach
Long 'z you keep the right limits on
freedom o speech.
'Twarn't none too late neither to put
on the gag
For he's dangerous now he goes in for
the flag
Nut that I altogether approve o bad
eggs
They're mos gin'ly argymunt on its las
legs,—
An their logic is ept to be tu indis-
criminate
Nor dont ollus want the right objects to
'timate
But there is a variety on em, you'll
find
Jest ez usefule an more, besides bein
refined —
I mean o the sort that are laid by the
dictionary
Sech ez sophisms an cant that'll kerry
pconviction ary

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

Way thet you want to the right class o'
men,
An' are staler than all 't ever come from
a hen
"Disunion" done wal till our resh Southun
friends
Took the savour all out on't for national
ends,
But I guess "Abolition" 'll work a spell
yit,
When the war's done, an' so will "Forgive-
an'-forgit"
Times mus' be pooty thoroughly out o
all jint,
Ef we can't make a good constitootional
pint,
An' the good time'll come to be grindin'
our eyes,
When the war goes to seed in the nettle
o' texes
Ef Jon'than don't squirm, with sech helps
to assist him,
I give up my faith in the free-suffrage
system,
Democ'cy wun't be nut a mite interestin',
Nor p'ltikle capital much wuth investin',
An' my notion is, to keep dark an' lay
low
Till we see the right minute to put in
our blow

SPEECH IN SECRET CAUCUS

But I've talked longer now'n I hed any
 idee,
An ther's others you want to hear mor'n
 you du me
So I'll set down an give thet ere bottle
 a skrimmage,
For I ve spoke till I m dry ez a real graven
 image.

Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line



Once git a smell o' musk into a draw,
An' it clings hold like precerdents in law
Your gran'ma'an put it there,—when,
 goodness knows,—

To jes' this-worldify her Sunday clo'es,
But the old chist wun't sarve her gran'son's
 wife

(For, 'thout new funnitoo, wut good in
 life?),

An' so ole clawfoot, from the precinks
 dread

O' the spare chamber, slinks into the shed,
Where, dim with dust, it fust or last sub-
 sides

To holdin' seeds an' fifty things besides,
But better days stick fast in heart an'
 husk,

An' all you keep in't gits a scent o' musk

Jes' so w'ith poets wut they've airly read
Gits kind o' worked into their heart an'
 head,

SUNTHIN' PASTORAL

So s 't they can't seem to write but jest
on sheers

With furru countrie or played-out ideers
Nor hev a feelin ef it dooan't smack

O wut some critter chose to feel 'way
back

This makes em talk o daisies larks,
an things,

Ex though wed nothin here thet blows
an sings

(Why I'd give more for one live bobolink
Than a square mile o larks in printer's
ink) —

This makes em think our fust o May
is May

Which 'tain't for all the almanicks can
say

O little city gals don't never go it

Blind on the word o noospaper or poet!

They're apt to puff an May-day seldom
looks

Up in the country ex it doos in books

They're no more like than hornets nests
an hives,

Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.

I with my trousers perched on cowhide
boots,

Tuggin my foundered feet out by the roots,

Hev sgen ye come to fling on April's hearse

SUNTHIN' IN THE

Your muslin nosegays from the milliner's,
Puzzlin' to find dry ground your queen to
choose,
An' dance your throats sore in morocker
shoes
I've seen ye, an' felt proud, thet, come
wut would,
Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with hardi-
hood
Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind o'
winch,
Ez though 'twuz sunthin' paid for by the
inch,
But yit we du contrive to worry thru,
Ef Dooty tells us thet the thing's to du,
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,
Ez stiddily ez though 'twuz a redoubt.

I, country-born an' bred, know where to
find
Some blooms thet make the season suit
the mind,
An' seem to metch the doubtin' bluebird's
notes,—
Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you
oncurl,
Each on 'em's cradle to a baby-pearl,—
But these are jes' Spring's pickets, sure
ez sin,

PASTORAL LINE

The rebbles frosts'll try to drive em in
For half our May's so awfully like Mayn't,
'Twould rile a Shaker or an evrige saint
Though I own up I like our back'ard
springs

Thet kind o' haggie with their greens an
things

An when you most give up 'thout more
words

Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves,
an birds

Thet's Northun natur slow an apt to
doubt,

But when it *does* git stirred ther's no
gin-out!

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin in
tall trees,

An settlin things in windy Congresses —
Queer politicians, though for I'll be
skinned

Ef all on em don't head aginst the wind.
Fore long the trees begin to show belief —

The maple crimsons to a coral reef

Then saffern swarms swing off from all
the willers

So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,
Then grey hossches nuts leetle hands un
fold

Softer'n a baby's be at three days old

SUNTHIN'. IN THE

Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick, he
knows

Thet arter this ther's only blossom-snows,
So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,
He goes to plast'rin' his adobe house

Then seems to come a hitch,—things lag
behind,

Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up
her mind,

An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh
their dams

Heaped up with ice thet dovetails in an'
jams,

A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole
cleft,

Grows stronger, fercer, tears out right
an' left,

Then all the waters bow themselves an'
come,

Suddin, in one gret slope o' shedderin'
foam,

Jes' so our Spring gits everythin' in tune

An' gives one leap from April into June

Then all comes crowdin' in, afore you
think,

Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill woods
with pink,

The catbird in the laylock bush is loud,

The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud,

III PASTORAL LINE

Red cedars blossom tu though few folks
 know it
 An look all dipt in sunshine like a poet
 The lline trees pile their solid stacks o
 shade
 An drows'y simmer with the bees sweet
 trade
 In ellum-shrouds the flashin hangbird
 clings
 An for the summer vy'ge his hammock
 slings
 All down the loose walled lanes in archin
 bowers
 The barb'ry droops its strings o golden
 flowers
 Whose shrinkin hearts the school gals
 love to try
 With pins —they'll worry yourn so, boys,
 bimeby!
 But I don't love your cat'logue style —do
 you?—
 Ez ef to sell off Natur by vendoo
 One word with blood in t a twice ez good
 ez two
 'Nuff sed! June's bridesman, poet o the
 year
 Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here
 Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings
 Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin
 wings,

SUNTHIN' IN THE

Or, givin' way to't in a mock despair,
Runs down, a brook. o' laughter, thru
the air

I ollus feel the sap start in my veins
In Spring, with curus heats an' prickly
pains,
Thet drive me, when I git a chance, to
walk

Off by myself to hev a privit talk
With a queer critter thet can't seem to
'gree

Along o' me like most folks,—Mister Me
Ther's times when I'm unsoshle ez a stone,
An' sort o' suffocate to be alone,—
I'm crowded jes' to think thet folks are
nigh,

An' can't bear nothin' closer than the
sky,

Now the wind's full ez shifty in the mind
Ez wut it is ou'-doors, ef I ain't blind,
An' sometimes, in the fairest sou'-west
weather,

My innard vane pints east for weeks to-
gether,

My natur gits all goose-flesh, an' my sins
Come drizzlin' on my conscience sharp ez
pins

Wal, et sech times I jes' slip out o' sight
An' take it out in a fair stan'-up fight

PASTORAL LINE

With the one cuss I can't lay on the
shelf
The crook'dest stick in all the heap —
Myself.

'Twuz so lax Sabbath arter meetin'-time
Findin' my feelin's wouldn't no ways rhyme
With nobody's but off the handle flew
An' took things from an east wind pint
o' view
I started off to lose me in the hills
Where the pines be, up back o' 'Slah's
Mills
Pines, ef you're blue, are the best friends
I know
They mope an' sigh an' sheer your feelin's
so —
They heah the ground beneath so tu I
swan
You half forgot you've got a body on

Ther's a small school us there where four
roads meet,
The doorsteps hollered out by little feet,
An' side-posts carved with names whose
owners grew
To gret men, some on em an' deacons, tu
'Taint used no longer coz the town hez
gut

SUNTHIN' IN THE

A high-school, where they teach the Lord
knows wut

Three-story larnin' 's pop'lar now, I guess
We thri' ez wal on jes' two stories less,
For it strikes me ther's sech a thing ez
sinnin'

By overloadin' children's underpinnin'
Wal, here it wuz I larned my A B C,
An' it's a kind o' favourite spot with me

We're curus critters Now ain't jes' the
minute

Thet ever fits us easy while we're in it,
Long ez 'twuz futur, 'twould be perfect
bliss,—

Soon ez it's past, *thet* time's wuth ten o'
this,

An' yit there ain't a man thet need be told
Thet Now's the only bird lays eggs o'
gold

A knee-high lad, I used to plot an' plan
An' think 'twuz life's cap-sheaf to be a
man,

Now, gittin' grey, ther's nothin' I enjoy
Like dreamin' back along into a boy
So the ole school'us' is a place I choose
Afore all others, ef I want to muse,
I set down where I used to set, an' git
My boyhood back, an' better things with
it,—

PASTORAL LINE

Faith Hope, an sunthin ef it isn't
Cherrity
It's want n guile an thet's ex gret a
rerrity —
While Fancy's cushun free to Prince and
Clown
Makes the hard bench ex soft ex milk
weed-down

Now 'fore I knowed thet Sabbath arter
noon

Thet I sot out to tramp myself in tune,
I found me in the school us on my seat
Drummin the march to No-wherea with
my feet.

Thinkin o nothin I ve heerd ole folks say
Is a hard kind o dooty in its way
It's thinkin everythin you ever know
Or ever hearn to make your feelin's blue.
I sot there tryin thet on for a spell
I thought o the Rebellion then o Hell
Which some folks tell ye now is jest n
matterfor

(A the ry praps, it wunt *feel* none the
better for)

I thought o Reconstruction wut we d win
Patchin our patent self-blow-up agin
I thought ef this ere milkin o the wits
So much a month warn't givin Natur
fits,—

SUNTHIN' IN THE

Ef folks warn't druv, findin' their own milk
fail,

To work the cow thet he'z an iron tail,
An' ef idees 'thout ripenin' in the pan
Would send up cream to humour ary man
From this to thet I let my worryn' creep,
Till finally I must ha' fell asleep

Our lives in sleep are some like streams
thet glide

'Twixt flesh an' sperrit boundin' on each
side,

Where both shores' shadders kind o' mix
an' mingle

In sunthin' thet ain't jes' like either single,
An' when you cast off moorin's from To-
day,

An' down towards To-morrer drift away,
The imiges thet tingle on the stream
Make a new upside-down'ard world o'
dream

Sometimes they seem like sunrise-streaks
an' warnin's

O' wut'll be in Heaven on Sabbath mor-
nin's,

An', mixed right in ez ef jest out o' spite,
Sunthin' thet says your supper ain't gone
right

I'm gret on dreams, an' often, when I
wake,

PASTORAL LINE

I've lived so much it makes my memory
ache,
An can't skurce take a cat-nap in my cheer
Thout hevin em some good, some bad
all queer

Now I wuz settin where I'd ben it seemed,
An ain't sure yit whether I rally dreamed
Nor ef I did how long I might ha aleep
When I hearn some un stompin up the
step

An lookin round, ef two an two make
four

I see a Pilgrim Father in the door
He wore a steeple-hat, tall boots an spurs
With rowels to em blg ez ches nut burrs
An his gret sword behind him sloped
away

Long z a man's speech thet dunno wut
to say —

Ef your name's Biglow an your given
name

Hosee," sez he, its arter you I came
I'm your gret-granther multiplied by
three." —

My wut?" sez I — Your gret-gret-gret "
sez he

You wouldn't ha never ben here but
for me.

Two hundred an three year ago this May

SUNTHIN' IN THE

The ship I come in sailed up Boston Bay,
I'd ben a cunnle in our Civil War,—
But wut on airth hev *you* gut up one for?
Coz we du things in England, 'tain't for
you

To git a notion you can du 'em tu
I'm told you write in public prints ef
true,

It's nateral you should know a thing or
two"—

"Thet air's an argymunt I can't en-
dorse,—

'Twould prove, coz you wear spurs, you
kep' a horse,

For brains," sez I, "wutever you may
think,

Ain't boun' to cash the draf's o' pen-an'-
ink,—

Though mos' folks write ez ef they hoped
jes' quickenin'

The churn would argoo skim milk into
thickenin',

But skim milk ain't a thing to change
its view

O' wut it's meant for more'n a smoky
flue

But du pray tell me, 'fore we furder go,
How in all Natur did you come to know
'Bout our affairs," sez I, "in Kingdom-
Come?"—

PASTORAL LIFE

Wal I worked round at point rapp o
some

An danced th' valley till th' r l p' was
a gone

In hopes o' larnin' wat was goin' on "

Sez he "but in jurn' he so like all plit

That I concluded it was best to quit

But come now if you want conser' to
knowin'

Youse som' conjectures how the things
again "—

"Granther" sez I "a van warn't never
known

Nor asked to live a jrd'm nt of it " an

An jrd' of 'ains put rusty in the jnt

It's saf' to trust his say en certin pint

It knows the wind's opinions to a T

An the wind settles wat the weather'll
be "—

I never thought a scion of our stock
Could grow the wood to make a weath' r
cock

When I was younger n' you skuter more n'
a shaver

No airthly wind " sez he " could make
me waver!"

(Ez he said thil' he clinched his jaw an
forehead

Hitchin' his belt to bring his sword butt
foward.)—

SUNTHIN' IN THE

"Jes' so it wuz with me," sez I, "I swow,
When *I* wuz younger'n wut you see me
now,—

Nothin' from Adam's fall to Huldy's
bonnet,

Thet I warn't full-cocked with my jedg-
ment on it,

But now I'm gittin' on in life, I find
It's a sight harder to make up my mind,—
Nor I don't often try tu, when events
Will du it for me free of all expense
The moral question's ollus plain enough,—
It's jes' the human-natur side thet's tough,
Wut's best to think mayn't puzzle me or
you,—

The pinch comes in decidin' wut to *du*
Ef you *read* History, all runs smooth ez
grease,

Coz there the men ain't nothin' more'n
idees,—

But come to *make* it, ez we must to-
day,

Th' idees hev arms an' legs an' stop the
way

It's easy fixin' things in facts an' figgers,—
They can't resist, nor warn't brought up
with niggers,

But come to try your the'ry on,—why, then
Your facts an' figgers change to ign'ant
men

PASTORAL LINE

Actin ez ugly—" Smite em hip an
thigh!"
Sez granther and let every man-child
diel
Oh for three weeks o Crommle an the
Lord!
Up Israel to your tents an grind the
sword!"—
Thet kind o thing worked wal in ole
Judee,
But you forgit how long it's ben A.D
You think thet's ellsence,—I call it
shoddy
A thing "sez I wunt cover soul nor
body
I like the plain all-wool o common sense
Thet warms ye now an will a twelve
month hence.
You took to follerin where the Prophets
beckoned
An fust you knowed on back come
Charles the Second
Now wut I want's to hev all ~~we~~ gain stick
An not to start Millennium too quick
We hain't to punish only but to keep
An the cure's gut to go a centry deep —
Wal milk-an water aint the best o
glue "
Sez he an so you'll find afore you're
thru

SUNTHIN', IN THE

Ef reshness venters sunthin', shilly-shally
Loses ez often wut's ten times the vally
Thet exe of ourn, when Charles's neck
gut split,

Opened a gap thet ain't bridged over yit
Slav'ry's your Charles, the Lord hez gin
the exe——"

"Our Charles," sez I, "hez gut eight
million necks

The hardest question ain't the black man's
right,

The trouble is to 'mancipate the white,
One's chained in body an' can be sot free,
But t'other's chained in soul to an idee
It's a long job, but we shall worry thru
it,

Ef bagnets fail, the spellin'-book must du
it."—

"Hosee," sez he, "I think you're goin'
to fail

The rattlesnake ain't dangerous in the tail,
This 'ere rebellion's nothin' but the rattle,—
You'll stomp on thet an' think you've won
the bettle,

It's Slavery thet's the fangs an' thinkin'
head,

An' ef you want selvation, cresh it dead,—
An' cresh it suddin, or you'll larn by waitin'
Thet Chance wun't stop to listen to de-
batin'!"—

PASTORAL LINE

God's truth!" sez I — an ef I held the
club

An knowed jes' where to strike — but
there's the rub!"—

Strike soon " sez he, or you'll be deadly
sillin —

Folks thet's afeared to fall are sure o
fallin ;

God hates your sneakln creturs thet be-
lieve

He'll settle things they run away an leave!"

He brought his foot down ferceley ez he
spoke,

An give me sech a startle thet I woke.

Latest Views of Mr. Biglow



Ef I a song or two could make,
Like rockets druv by their own burnin',
All leap an' light, to leave a wake
Men's hearts an' faces skyward turnin'!—
But, it strikes me, 'tain't jest the time
Fer stringin' words with settisfaction
Wut's wanted now's the silent rhyme
'Twixt upright Will an' downright Ac-
tion

Words, ef you keep 'em, pay their keep,
But gabble's the short cut to ruin,
It's gratis (gals half-price), but cheap
At no rate, ef it henders doin',
Ther's nothin' wuss, 'less 'tis to set
A martyr-prem'um upon jawrin'
Teapots git dangerous, ef you shet
Their lids down on 'em with Fort Warren

'Bout long enough it's ben discussed
Who sot the magazine afire,

MR BIGLOW

An whether ef Bob Wickliffe bust,
'Twould scare ya more or blow us higher
D ye spose the Gret Foreseer's plan
Wuz settled fer him in town-meetin ?
Or thet ther'd ben no Fall o Man
Ef Adam d on y bat a sweetin ?

Oh, Jon than, ef you want to be
A rugged chap agin an hearty
Go fer wutever'll hurt Jeff D
Nut wut'll boost up ary party
Here a hell broke loose, an we lay flat
With half the univarse a-singin
Till Senator This an Gov'nor Thet
Stop squabblin fer the garding-in.

It's war were in, not politics
It's systems wastlin now not parties
An victory in the eend'll fix
Where longest will an truest heart is.
An wut's the Guv'ment folks about?
Tryin to hope ther's nothin doin
An look ex though they didn't doubt
Sunthin pertickler wuz a-brewin

Ther's critters yit thet talk an act
Fer wut they call Conciliation
They'd hand a buff'lo-drove a tract
When they wuz madder than all Bashan.

LATEST VIEWS OF

Conciliate? it jest means *be licked*,
No metter how they phrase an' tone it,
It means that we're to set down licked,
Thet we're poor shotes an' glad to own
it!

A war on tick's ez dear 'z the deuce,
But it wun't leave no lastin' traces,
Ez 'twould to make a sneakin' truce
Without no moral specie-basis
Ef greenbacks ain't nut jest the cheese,
I guess ther's evils thet's extremer,—
Fer instance,—shinplaster ideas
Like them put out by Gov'nor Seymour

Last year, the Nation, at a word,
When tremblin' Freedom cried to shield
her,
Flamed weldin' into one keen sword
Waitin' an' longin' fer a wielder
A splendid flash!—but how'd the grasp
With sech a chance ez thet wuz tally?
Ther' warn't no meanin' in our clasp,—
Half this, half thet, all shilly-shally

More men? More Man! It's there we
fail,
Weak plans grow weaker yit by length-
enin'

\ MR BIGLOW \

Wut use in addin to the tail

When it's the head's in need o' strength-
enin'?

We wanted one that felt all Chief

From roots o' hair to sole o' stockin
Square-set with thousan-ton belief

In hum an us, ef earth went rockin'!

Ole Hick'ry wouldn't ha' stood see-saw

Bout doin' things till they wuz done
with —

Hed smashed the tables o' the Law

In time o' need to load his gun with
He couldn't see but jest one side —

Ef his, twuz God's, an' thet wuz plenty
An' so his *Forwards!* multiplied

An' army's fightin' weight by twenty

But this ere histin' creak, creak, creak,

Your cappen's heart up with a derrick,
This tryin' to coax a lightnin'-streak

Out of a half-discouraged hay rick
This hangin' on mont' arter mont'

Fer one sharp purpose mongst the
twitter —

I tell ye it does kind o' stunt

The peth an' sperit of a critter

In six months where'll the People be

Ef leaders look on revolution

LATEST VIEWS OF

Ez though it wuz a cup o' tea,—
Jest social el'ments in solution?
This weighin' things doos wal enough
When war cools down, an' comes to
writin',
But while it's makin', the true stuff
Is pison-mad, pig-headed fightin'

Democ'acy gives every man
The right to be his own oppressor,
But a loose Gov'ment ain't the plan,
Helpless ez spilled beans on a dresser
I tell ye one thing we might larn
From them smart critters, the Seceders,—
Ef bein' right's the fust consarn,
The 'fore-the-fust's cast-iron leaders

But 'pears to me I see some signs
Thet we're agoin' to use our senses
Jeff druv us into these hard lines,
An' ough' to bear his half th' expenses,
Slavery's Secession's heart an' will,
South, North, East, West, where'er you
find it,
An' ef it drors in the War's mill,
D'ye say them thunder-stones sha'n't
grind it?

D'ye spose, ef Jeff giv *him* a lick,
Ole Hick'ry'd tried his head to sof'n

11 MR BIGLOW

So s' twouldn't hurt that ebony stick
That's made our side see stars so of n?
No! he'd ha thundered on your
knees
An own one flag one road to glory!
Soft heartedness, in times like these
Shows softness in the upper story!"

An why should we kick up a muss
About the Pres'dunt's proclamation?
It ain't agoin to librate us,
Ef we don't like emancipation
The right to be a cussed fool
Is safe from all devices human
It's common (ex a gin'l rule)
To every critter born o woman.

So we're all right, an I fer one,
Don't think our cause'll lose in vally
By rammin Scriptur in our gun
An gittin Natur fer an ally
Thank God, say I fer even a plan
To lift one human bein's level
Give one more chance to make a man,
Or anyhow to spile a devill

Not that I'm one that much expect
Millennium by express to-morrer
They ~~will~~ miscarry—I rec'lec
Tu many on em, to my sorer

LATEST VIEWS OF

Men ain't made angels in a day,
No matter how you mould an' labour
'em,—

Nor 'riginal ones, I guess, don't stay
With Abe so of'n ez with Abraham

The'ry thinks Fact a pooty thing,
An' wants the banns read right
ensuin',

But Fact wun't noways wear the ring
'Thout years o' settin' up an' wootin',
Though, arter all, Time's dial-plate
Marks cent'ries with the minute-finger,
An' Good can't never come tu late,
Though it doos seem tu try an' linger

An' come wut will, I think it's grand
Abe's gut his will et last bloom-
furnaced

In trial-flames till it'll stand
The strain o' bein' in deadly earnest
Thet's wut we want,—we want to know
The folks on our side hez the bravery
To b'lieve ez hard, come weal, come woe,
In Freedom ez Jeff doos in Slavery

Set the two forces foot to foot,
An' every man knows who'll be winner,
Whose faith in God hez ary root
Thet goes down deeper than his dinner

MR BIGLOW

Then twill be felt from pole to pole
Without no need o' proclamation
Earth's biggest Country's got her soul
An' risen up Earth's Greatest Nation!

Kettelopotomachia



P Ovidii Nasonis carmen heroicum macaronicum
perplexametrum, inter Getas getico more compostum,
denuo per medium ardentispirituallem, adjuvante
mensâ diabolice obsessâ, recuperatum, curâque Jo
Conradi Schwarzii umbræ, aliis necnon plurimis
adjuvantibus, restitutum

LIBER I

Punctorum garretos colens et cellara Quin-
que,
Gutteribus quae et gaudes sundayam
abstingere frontem,
Plerumque insidos solita fluitare liquore
Tanglepedem quem homines appellant Di
quoque rotgut,
Pimplidis, rubicundaque, Musa, O bour-
bonolensque, 5
Fenianas rixas procul, alma, brogipo-
tentis
Patricii cyathos iterantis et horrida bella,
Backos dum virides viridis Brigitta re-
mittit,
Linquens, eximios celebrem, da, Virgini-
enses

} *KETTELOPOTOMACHIA*

Rowdes, praeclipue et Tæ, heros alte
 Polardel 10

Insignes juvenesque, illo certamine lictos
 Colemanæ, Tyleræ, nec vos oblivione re-
 linquam.

Ampla aquilæ invictæ fausto est sub teg-
 mine terra,
 Backyfer oolakeo pollens ebenoque
 bipede

Socors prædum et altrix (denique quid-
 ruminantium) 15

Duplesveorum uberrima illis et integre
 cordi est

Deplere assidue et sine proprio incommodo
 fiscum

Nunc etiam placidum hoc opus invictique
 secuti,

Goosam aureos nî eggos voluissent immo
 nocare

Quas peperit, saltem ac de illis mellora
 merentem. 20

Condidit hanc Smithius Dux, Captivus
 inclutus ille

Regis Ulyssæ instar docti arcum inten-
 dere longum

Condidit ille Johnsmith Virginiamque
 vocavit,

Settledit autem Jacobus rex, nomine
 primus,

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Rascalis implens ruptis, blagardisque
deboshtis, 25

Militibusque ex Falstaffi legione fugatis
Wenchisque illi quas poterant seducere
nuptas

Virgineum, ah, littus matronis talibus
impar!

Progeniem stirpe ex hoc non sine stig-
mate ducunt

Multi sese qui jactant regum esse
nepotes 30

Haud omnes, Mater, genitos quae nuper
habebas

Bello fortes, consilio cautos, virtute decoros,
Jamque et habes, sparso si patrio in san-
guine virtus,

Mostrabisque iterum, antiquis sub astris
reducta!

De illis qui upkikitant, dicebam, rumpora
tanta, 35

Letcheris et Floydis magnisque Extra-
ordine Billis,

Est his prisca fides jurare et breakere
wordum,

Poppere fellerum a tergo, aut stickere
clam bowiknifo,

Haud sane facinus, dignum sed victrice
lauro,

Larrupere et nigerum, factum praestantius
ullo 40

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Ast chlamydem pliciplumatam Icariam
filio et ineptam
Yanko gratis induere, illum et valido
rallo
Insuper acri equitare docere est hospitio
utl.
Nescio an ille Polardus duplesveoribus
ortus,
Sed reputo potius de radice poorwiteman-
orum 45
Fortuiti proles, ni fallor Tylerus erat
Praeaidis, omnibus ab Whiggis nominatus
a poor cura
Et nobilem tertium evincit venerabile no-
men
Ast animosi omnes bellique ad tympana
ha! ha!
Vodferant laeti procul et si proelia sive 50
Hostem incautum atq; posant shootero
salvi
Imperique capaces esset si stylus
agmen
Pro dulci spoliabant et sine dangere
fito,
Prae ceterisque Polardus si Seceasia
licta,
Se nunquam licturum jurat res et un
heardof 55
Verbo haesit similisque audaci roosteri
invicto

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Dunghilli solitus rex pullos whoppere
molles,

Grantum, hirelingos stripes quique et
splendida tollunt

Sidera, et Yankos, territum et omnem
sarsuit orbem

Usque dabant operam isti omnes, noctes-
que diesque,

Samuelem demulgere avunculum, id vero
siccum,

Uberibus sed ejus, et horum est culpa,
remotis,

Parvam domi vaccam, nec mora minima,
quaerunt,

Lacticarentem autem et droppam vix in die
dantem,

Reddite avunculi, et exclamabant, reddite
pappam!

Polko ut consule, gemens, Billy immur-
murat, Extra,

Echo respondit, thesauro ex vacuo, pap-
pam!

Frustra explorant pocketa, ruber nare re-
pertum,

Officia expulsi aspiciunt rapta, et Para-
disum

Occlusum, viridesque haud illis nascere
backos,

Stupent tunc oculis madidis spittantque
silenter

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Adhibere usu ast longo vires prorsus
 inepti
 Si non ut qui grindeat axvo trabemve
 revolvat !

Virginiam excruciant totis nunc mighibu
 matrem
 Non melius, puta, nono panis dimidiumne
 est?

Readere ibi non posse est casus com- 75
 moner ullo
 Tanto intentius imprimere est opus ergo
 statuta

Nemo propterea peior melior sine doubtio
 Obtinent qui contractum si et postea rhino
 Ergo Polardus, si quis inexcuperabilis 80
 heros,

Colemanus impavidus nondum atque in
 purpure natus
 Tylerus Iohankdes celerisque in flito
 Nathaniel

Quisque optans digitos in tantum stickero
 pium
 Adstant accincti imprimere aut perumpere
 leges

Quales os miserum rabidi tres negro 85
 molossal
 Quales aut dubium textum atra in veste
 ministri

Tales circumstabant nunc nostri inopes hoc
 Job

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Hisque Polardus voce canoro talia
fatus
Primum autem, veluti est mos, praeceps
quisque liquorat,
Quisque et Nicotianum ingens quid inserit
atrum, 90
Heroûm nitidum decus et solamen avi-
tum,
Masticat ac simul altisonans, spittatque
profuse
Quis de Virginia meruit praestantius
unquam?
Quis se pro patria curavit impigre tutum?
Speechisque articulisque hominum quis
fortior ullus, 95
Ingeminans pennae lickos et vulnera vocis?
Quisnam putidius (hic) sarsuit Yankini-
micos,
Saepius aut dedit ultro datam et broke
his parolam?
Mente inquassatus solidâque, tyranno
minante,
Horrisonis (hic) bombis moenia et alta
quatente, 100
Sese promptum (hic) jactans Yankos
lickere centum,
Atque ad lastum invictus non surrendidit
unquam?
Ergo haud meddlite, posco, mique relin-
quite (hic) hoc job,

ÆTTELOPOTOMACHIA

Si non — knifumque enormem monstrat
spittatque tremendus.

Dixerat ast alii reliquorant et sine
pauso } 105

Pluggos incumbunt maxillis, uterque
vicissim

Certamine innocuo valde madidam inquit
nat assem

Tylerus autem dumque liquorat aridus
hostis

Mirum aspicit duplumque bibentem as-
tante Lyæo

Ardens impavidusque edidit tamen impia
verba 110

Duplum quamvis te aspicio, esses atque
viginti

Mendacem dicerem totumque (hic) thrash-
erem acervum

Nempe et thrasham doggonatus (hic) am-
nisi farem

Lambastabo omnes catawocompositer (hic)
que chawam!

Dixit et impulsus Ryeo ruitur bene-
titus, 115

Illi nam gravidum caput et laterem habet
in hatto.

Hunc inhiat titubansque Polardus optat
et illum

Stickero inermem protegit autem rite
Lyæus,

KETTELOPOTOMACHIA

Et pronos geminos, oculis dubitantibus,
heros

Cernit et irritus hostes, dumque excogitat utrum

120

Primum inpitchere, corrui, inter utrosque
recumbit,

Magno asino similis nimio sub pondere
quassus

Colemanus hos moestus, triste ruminans-
que solamen,

Inspicit hiccans, circumspittat terque
cubantes,

Funereisque his ritibus humidis inde
solutis,

125

Sternitur, invalidusque illis superincidit
infans,

Hos sepelit somnus et snorunt cornison-
antes,

Watchmanus inscios ast calybooso deinde
reponit.

Mr Hosea Biglow
to the Editor of the
Atlantic Monthly

Dear Sir — Your letter come to han
Requestin me to please be funny
But I ain't made upon a plan
That knows wut s comin gall or honey
Ther s times the world does look so queer
Odd fancies come afore I call em
An then agin for half a year
No preacher thout a call's more solemn.

You're n want o sunthin light an cute
Rattlin an shrowd an lan o jingleish
An wish pervidin it ould suit,
I'd take an clifify my English.
I kex write long-tailed, ef I please, —
But when I'm jokin no, I thankee
Then fore I know it, my ideas
Run helter skelter into Yankee.

Sence I begun to scribble rhyme
I tell ye wut, I hain't ben foolin
The parson's books lfe, death an time
Hev took some trouble with my schoolin

TO THE EDITOR

Nor th' airth don't git put out with me,
Thet love her 'z though she wuz a
woman,

Why, th' ain't a bird up ⁱⁿ the tree
But half forgives my bein' human

An' yit I love th' unhighschool'd way
Ol' farmers hed when I wuz younger,
Their talk wuz meatier, an' 'ould stav,
While book-froth seems to whet your
hunger,

For puttin' in a downright lick
'Twixt Humbug's eyes, ther's few can
metch it,

An' then it helves my thoughts ez slick
Ez stret-grained hickory doos a hetchet

But when I can't, I can't, thet's all,
For Natur won't put up with gullin',
Idees you hev to shove an' haul

Like a druv pig ain't wuth a mullein
Live thoughts ain't sent for, thru all rifts

O' sense they pour an' resh ye onwards,
Like rivers when south-lyin' drifts

Feel thet th' old airth's a-wheelin' sun-
wards

Time wuz, the rhymes come crowdin'
thick

Ez office-seekers arter 'lection,

TO THE EDITOR

An Into any place could stiel
Without no bowler nor objection
But sence the } ar my thoughts hang
back
Ex though I wanted to enlist em
An substitutes — they don't never lack,
But then they'll slop afore you ve mist
em.

Nothin don't seem like wut it wuz
I can't see wut there is to hinder
An jist my brains jes go buzz buzz
Like bumblebees agin a winder
Fore these times come in all airth's
roa
Ther wuz one quiet place my head n,
Where I could hide an think,—but now
It's all one teeter hopin dreading

Where's Pence? I start some clear-blown
nigh
When gaunt stone walls grow numb an
number
An creakin cross the snow-crus white,
Walk the col starlight into summer
Up grows the moon an swell by swell
Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer
Than the last smile thet strives to tell
O love gone heavenward in its shim-
mer

I hev ben gladder o' sech things
Than cocks o' spring er bees o' clover,
They filled my heart wif¹ livin' springs,
But now they seem to freeze 'em over,
Sights innercent ez babes on knee,
Peaceful ez eyes o' pastured cattle,
Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
To rile me more with thoughts o' battle

Indoors an' out by spells I try,
Ma'am Natur keeps her spin-wheel
goin',
But leaves my natur stiff and dry
Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin',
An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
Calmer'n a clock, an' never carin',
An' findin' nary thing to blame,
Is wuss than ef she took to swearin'

Snowflakes come whisperin' on the pane,
The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant,
But I can't hark to wut they're say'n',
With Grant or Sherman ollers present,
The chimbleys shudder in the gale,
Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flap-
pin'
Like a shot hawk, but all's ez stale
To me ez so much sperit-rappin' .

TO THE EDITOR

Under the yaller pines I house,
When sunshing makes em all sweet
scented
An hear among } heir furry boughs
The baskin west wind purr contented,
While 'way overhead ez sweet an low
Ex distant bells thet ring for meetin
The wedged wil geese their bugles blow
Further an further South retreatin

Or up the slippery knob I strun
An soo a hundred hills like islan's
Lift their blue woods in broken chain
Out o the sea o snowy silence
The farm smokes, sweetes' sight on earth
Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin
Seem kin o sad an roun the hearth
Of empty places set me thinkin

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin snows
An rattles di mon's from his granite
Time wuz, he snatched away my prose
An into psalms or satires ran it
But he nor all the rest thet once
Started my blood to country dances
Can't set me goin more n a dunce
Thet haln't no use for dreams an
fancies.

TO THE EDITOR

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street

I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet

Thet follered once an' now are quiet,—
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,

Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther's ears thet won't,
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?

Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?
I set an' look into the blaze

Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps
climbin',
Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
An' half despise myself for rhymin'

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth

On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth

For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen

Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men

Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

'Tain't right to hev the young go fust,
All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,

TO THE EDITOR

Leavin' life's paupers dry as dust
To try an make believe fill their places
Nothin' but tell us wut we miss
Ther's gaps our lives can't never lay in
An *that* world seems so fur from this
Lef' for us loafers to grow grey in!

My eyes cloud up for rain my mouth
Will take to twitchin' round the corners
I pity mothers, in down South
For all they sot among the scorners
I'd sooner take my chance to stan
At Judgment where your meanest slave
Is,
Than at God's bar hol' up a han
Ex drippin' red as yourn, Jeff Davis!

Come Peace! not like a mourner bowed
For honour lost an' dear ones wasted
But proud to meet a people proud
With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted!
Come with han grippin' on the hilt
An' step that proves ye Victory's daughter!
Longin' for you our spirits wilt
Like shipwrecked men's on raft's for
water

Come while our country feels th' lift
Of a gret instinct shoutin' "Forwards!"

TO THE EDITOR

An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift
Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards'
Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
They kissed their cross with lips thet
quivered,
An' bring fair wages for brave men,
A nation saved, a race delivered'

Mr Hosea Big
low's Speech in
March Meeting

I don't much s'pose hows ever I should
plen it,

I could git boosted into th House or
Sennit,—

Nut while the two-legged gab-mach ne s
so plenty

Nablin one man to du the talk o twenty
I'm one o them that finds it ruther hard
To mannyfactur wisdom by the yard
An mayseure off accordin to demand
The piece-goods el'kence that I keep on
hand,

The same ole pattern runnin thru an thru
An nothin but the customer thet's new
I sometimes think the funder on I go
Thet it gits harder to feel sure I know
An when I've settled my ideas I find
'Twarn't I sheered most in makin up my
mind

'Twuz this an thet an tother thing thet
done it,

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Sunthin' in th' air, I couldn' seek nor
shun it

Mos' folks go off so quick now in dis-
cussion,

All th' ole flint locks seems altered to per-
cussion,

Whilst I in agin' sometimes git a hint
Thet I'm percussion changin' back to flint,
Wal, ef it's so, I ain't agoin' to werrit,
For th' ole Queen's-arm hez this pertickler
merit,—

It gives the mind a hahnsome wedth o'
margin

To kin' o' make its will afore dischargin',
I can't make out but jest one ginnle rule,—
No man need go an' *make* himself a fool,
Nor jedgment ain't like mutton, thet can't
bear

Cookin' tu long, nor be took up tu rare

Ez I wuz say'n', I hain't no chance to
speak

So's 't all the country dreads me onct a
week,

But I've consid'ble o' thet sort o' head
Thet sets to home an' thinks wut *might*
be said,

The sense thet grows an' werrits under-
neath,

Comin' belated like your wisdom-teeth,

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

An git so el'kent sometimes, to my gardin
Thet I don vally public life a fardin
Our Parson Wilbur (blessin s on his head!)
Mongst other stories of ole times he
hed

Talked of a feller thet rehearsed his spreads
Beforehan to his rows o kebbige-heads
(Ef twarnt Demossenes, I guess twuz
Sizaro)

Appealin fust to thet an then to this
row

Accordin ez he thought thet his ideas
Their diff'runt cv'riges o brains ould
please

An "sez the Parson to hit right you
must

Git used to mayturn your hearers fust
For take my word for't when all's come
an past

The kebbige-heads'll calr the day et last
Th alnt ben a meetin sence the worl
begun

But they made (raw or billed ones) ten to
one."

I've allus foun em I allow sence then
About ez good for talkin tu ez men
They'll take edvice like other folks to
keep

(To use it ould be holdin on t tu cheep)

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

They listen wal, don' kick up when you
scold 'em,
An' ef they've tongues, I ^{hav} sense enough
to hold 'em,
Though th' ain't no denger we shall lose
the breed,
I gin'lly keep a score or so for seed,
An' when my sappiness gits spry in spring,
So's 't my tongue itches to run on full
swing,
I fin' 'em ready-planted in March meetin',
Warm ez a lyceum audience in their
greetin',
An' pleased to hear my spoutin' frum the
fence,—
Comin', ez't doos, entirely free 'f expense
This year I made the follerin' observations
Extrump'ry, like most other tri's o'
patience,
An', no reporters bein' sent express
To work their abstracs up into a mess,
Ez like th' oridg'nal ez a woodcut pictur
Thet chokes the life out like a boy-con-
strictor,
I've writ 'em out, an' so rvide all jeal'sies
'Twixt nonsense o' my own an' some one's
else's

(NB —Reporters gin'lly git a hint
To make dull orjunces seem 'live in print,

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

An ez I hev t report myself I vum
I'll put th applauses where they'd ought
to come")

MY FELLER KERRIGE-HEADS who look so
green

I vow to gracious thet if I could dreem
The world of all its hearers but jest you,
'Twould leave 'bout all tha is wuth talkin
to

An you, my venable ol friends, thet show
Upon your crowns a sprinklin o March
snow

Ez ef mild Time had christened every
ear

For wisdom's church o second innocence
Nut Ages winter no no sech a thing
But jest a kin o slippin-back o spring —
[Sev'ril noses blowed.]

We've gathered here, ez ushle, to decide
Which is the Lords an which is Satan's
side,

Cox all the good or evil thet can heppen
Is 'long o which on em you choose for
Capten. [Cries o 'Thet's so!"]

Aprils come back the swellin buds of
oak

Dim the fur hillsides with a purplish
smoke

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

The brooks are loose, an', singing to be
seen
(Like gals), make all the {nollers soft an'
green,
The birds are here, for all the season's
late,
They take the sun's height an'. don' never
wait,
Soon 'z he officially declares it's spring
Their light hearts lift 'em on a north'ard
wing,
An' th' ain't an acre, fur ez you can hear,
Can't by the music tell the time o' year,
But thet white dove Carliny scared away,
Five year ago, jes' sech an Aprul day,
Peace, thet we hoped 'ould come an' build
last year
An' coo by every housedoor, isn't here,—
No, nor wun't never be, for all our jaw,
Till we're ez brave in pol'tics ez in war!
O Lord, ef folks wuz made so's 't they
could see
The begnet-pint there is to an idee!
[Sensation]
Ten times the danger in 'em th' is in
steel,
They run your soul thru an' you never
feel,
But crawl about an' seem to think you're
livin',

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Poor shells o men nut wuth the Lord's
 forgivin
Till you come blint agin a real live sect
An go to pieces when you d ough to ect!
Thet kin o begnet's wut we're crossin now
An no man fit to nevvigate a scow
Ould stan expectin help from Kingdom
 Come,
While t'other side druv their cold iron
 home.

My frien's you never gathered from my
 mouth
No nut one word agin the South ez
 South
Nor th alint a livin man, white brown
 nor black,
Gladder'n wut I should be to take em
 back
But all I ask of Uncle Sam is fust
To write up on his door "No goods on
 trust"

[Cries of "Thet's the ticket!"]
Give us cash down in ekle laws for all
An they'll be snug inside afore nex fall
Give wut they ask, an we shell hev
 Jamaker
Wuth minns some consid'able an acre
Give wut they need an we shell git fore
 long

MR 'HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

A nation all one piece, rich, peacefle,
strong,
Make 'em Amerikin, an' they'll begin
To love their country c' they loved their
sin,
Let 'em stay Southun, an' you've kep' a
sore
Ready to fester ez it done afore
No mortle man can boast of perfic vision,
But the one moleblin' thing is Indecision,
An' th' ain't no futur for the man nor state
Thet out of j-u-s-t can't spell great
Some folks 'ould call thet reddikle, do
you?
'Twuz commonsense afore the war wuz
thru,
Thet loaded all our guns an' made 'em
speak
So's 't Europe heared 'em clearn acrost the
creek,
"They're drivin' o' their spiles down now,"
sez she,
"To the hard grennit o' God's fust idee,
Ef they reach thet, Democ'cy needn't fear
The tallest airthquakes *we* can git up
here "
Some call 't insultin' to ask *any* pledge,
An' say 'twill only set their teeth on edge,
But folks you've jest licked, fur 'z I ever
see,

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Are 'bout ez mad & they wud know how
to be

It's better than } the Rebs themselves ex-
pected }

Fore they see Uncle Sam wilt down hen-
pected

Be land & you please but fustly make
things fast

For plain Truth's all the kindness thet'll
last

Ef treason is a crime ez some folks say
How could we punish it a milder way

Than sayin to em Brethren lookee
here,

We'll jes' divide thungs with ye sheer an
sheer

An sence both come o pooty strong-backed
daddies

You take the Darkies, ez we've took the
Paddies

Ignant an poor we took em by the hand
An they're the bones an sinners o the

land."

I aint o them thet fancy there's a loss on
Every inves'ment thet dont start from
Bos on

But I know thus our money's safest
trusted

In sunthin come wut will thet *can't* be
busted,

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

An' thet's the old Amerikin idce,
To make a man a Man an' let him be
Ez for their l'yalty, don't } [Gret applause]
But I do want to block their only road to't
By lettin' 'em believe thet they can git
Mor'n wut they lost, out of our little wit
I tell ye wut, I'm 'fraid we'll drif' to lee-
ward
'Thout we can put more stiffenin' into
Seward,
He seems to think Columby'd better ect
Like a scared widder with a boy stiff-
necked
Thet stomps an' swears he wun't come
in to supper,
She mus' set up for him, ez weak ez
Tupper,
Keepin' the Constitootion on to warm,
Tell he'll eccept her 'pologies in form,
The neighbours tell her he's a cross-grained
cuss
Thet needs a hidin' 'fore he comes to wuss,
"No," sez Ma Seward, "he's ez good 'z
the best,
All he wants now is sugar plums an' rest,"
"He sarsed my Pa," sez one, "He stoned
my son,"
Another edds "Oh, wal, 'twuz jes' his
fun "

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

He tried to shoot our Uncle Samwell
dead."

'Twuz only tryⁿ a noo gun he hed.

Wal all we ask^s to hev it understood
You'll take his gun away from him for
good

We don't wal nut exacly like his play
Seein he allus kin o shoots our way
You kill your fatted calves to no good
end,

'Thout his fust sayin Mother I hev
sinned!"

[Amen!" from Deac n Greenleaf]

The Presdunt *he* thinks the slickest
plan

Ould be t allow thet he's our on'y man
An thet we fit thru all thet drestle war
Jes for his private glory an eclor

Nobody ain't a Union man," sez he

'Thout he agrees thru thick an thin
with me

Warn't Andrew Jackson's initials jes like
mine?

An ain't thet sunthin like a right divine
To cut up ex kentenkerous ez I please
An trent your Congress like a nest o
fleas?"

Wal I expec the People wouldn care if

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

The question now wuz techin' bank or
tariff,

But I conclude they've 'bout made up their
min'

This ain't the fittest time to go it blin',
Nor these ain't metters that with pol'tics
swings,

But goes 'way down amongst the roots
o' things,

Coz Sumner talked o' whitewashin' one day
They wun't let four years' war be throwed
away

"Let the South hev her rights?" They
say, "Thet's you!"

But nut greb hold of other folks's tu "
Who owns this country, is it they or Andy?
Leastways it ough' to be the People *and*
he,

Let him be senior pardner, ef he's so,
But let them kin' o' smuggle in ez Co

[Laughter]

Did he diskiver it? Consid'ble numbers
Think thet the job wuz taken by Colum-
bus

Did he set tu an' make it wut it is?
Ef so, I guess the One-Man-power *hes* riz
Did he put thru the rebbles, clear the
docket,

An' pay th' expenses out of his own
pocket?

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Ef that's the case, then everythin I axes
Is t' hev him come an pay my ennooal
taxes. } [Profoun sensation]
Was't he that shouldered all them million
guns? }

Did he lose all the fathers brothers, sons?
Is this ere pop'lar gov'ment that we run
A kin o sulky made to kerry one?
An is the country goin to knuckle down
To hev Smith sort their letters stid o
Brown?

Who wuz the 'Nited States fore Richmon
fell?

Wuz the South needfle their full name to
spell?

An cant we spell it in that shorthan
way

Till th underpinnin s settled so s to stay?
Who cares for the Resolves of '61

Thet tried to coax an airthquake with a
bun?

Hex act'ly nothin taken place sence then
To larn folks they must hendle facts like
men?

Ain't *this* the true p'int? Did the Rebs
accep em?

Ef nut, whose fault is't that we hev'n't
kep em?

Warn't there *two* sides? an don't it stand
to reason

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Thet this week's 'Nited States ain't las'
week's treason?

When all these sums is done, with nothin'
missed,

An' nut afore, this schoo'll be dismissed

I knowed ez wal ez though I'd seen't with
eyes

Thet when the war wuz over copper'd rise,
An' thet we'd hev a rile-up in our kettle
'Twould need Leviathan's whole skin to
settle

I thought 'twould take about a generation
'Fore we could wal begin to be a nation,
But I allow I never did imagine
'Twould be our Pres'dunt thet 'ould drive
a wedge in

To keep the split from closin' ef it could,
An' healin' over with new wholesome wood,
For th' ain't no chance o' healin' while
they think

Thet law an' gov'ment's only printer's ink,
I mus' confess I thank him for discoverin'
The curus way in which the States are
sovereign,

They ain't nut *quite* enough so to rebel,
But when they fin' it's costly to raise h—,

[A groan from Deac'n G]

Why, then, for jes' the same superl'tive
reason,

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

They're most too much so to be tetch'd
for treason

They *can't* go *out*, but ef they somehow
do

Their sovereignty don't noways go out
tu

The State goes out the sovereignty don't
stir

But stays to keep the door ajar for her
He thinks secession never took 'em out,
An mebbe he's correc but I misdoubt
Ef they warn't out then why n the
name o sin

Make all this row 'bout lettin' of 'em in?
In law p'raps not but there's a difference
ruther

Betwixt your mother n-law an real mother
[Derisive cheers.]

An I for one shall wish they'd all been
some ertes

Long's U S texes are sech reg'lar comers.
But, O my patience! must we wriggle
back

Ioto th ole crooked, pettyfoggin track
When our artillery wheels a road hev cut
Stret to our purpose ef we keep the rut?
War's jes dead waste excep to wipe the
slate

Clean for the cyph'rin of some nobler fate
[Applause]

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Ez for dependin' on their oaths an' thet,
'Twun't bind 'em more'n the ribbin roun'
my het,

I heared a fable once from Othniel Starns,
That pints it slick ez weathercocks do
barns

Onct on a time the wolves hed certing
rights

Inside the fold, they used to sleep there
nights

An', bein' cousins o' the dogs, they took
Their turns et watchin', reg'lar ez a book,
But somehow, when the dogs hed gut
asleep,

Their love o' mutton beat their love o'
sheep,

Till gradilly the shepherds come to see
Things warn't agoin' ez they'd ough' to
be,

So they sent off a deacon to remonstrate
Along 'th the wolves an' urge 'em to go
on straight,

They didn' seem to set much by the deacon,
Nor preachin' didn' cow 'em, nut to speak
on,

Fin'ly they swore thet they'd go out an'
stay,

An' hev their fill o' mutton every day,
Then dogs an' shepherds, after much hard
dammin', [Groan from Deac'n G]

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Turned tu an give em a tormented
lammin
An sez, Ye s^dan t go out the murrain
rot ye,
To keep us wastin half our time to watch
ye!"
But then the question come How live
together
"Thout losin sleep nor nary yew nor
wether?
Now there wuz some dogs (noways wuth
their keep)
Thet sheered their cousins tastes an
sheered the sheep
They sez Be gin rous, let em swear right
in,
An ef they backside let em swear
agin
Jes' let em put on sheep-skins whilst they're
swearin
To ask for more ould be beyond all
bearin "
Be gin rous for yourselves where you re
to pay
Thet's the best prectice," sez a shepherd
grey
Ex for their oaths they wunt be wuth
a button
Long z you don't cure em o their taste
for mutton;

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Th' ain't but one solid way, howe'er you
puzzle

Tell they're converted, let 'em wear a
muzzle " [Cries of "Bully for you!"]
(

I've noticed that each half-baked scheme's
abettors

Are in the hebbit o' producin' letters
Writ by all sorts o' never-heard-on fellers,
'Bout ez oridge'nal ez the wind in bellers,
I've noticed, tu, it's the quack med'cine
gits

(An' needs) the grettest heaps o' stiffy kits,
[Two pothekeries goes out]

Now, sence I lef' off creepin' on all-fours,
I hain't ast no man to endorse my course,
It's full ez cheap to be your own endorser,
An' ef I've made a cup, I'll fin' the saucer,
But I've some letters here from t'other side,
An' them's the sort thet helps me to decide,
Tell me for wut the copper-comp'nies
hanker,

An' I'll tell you jest where it's safe to
anchor [Faint hiss]

Fus'ly the Hon'ble B O Sawin writes
Thet for a spell he couldn' sleep o' nights,
Puzzlin' which side wuz preudentest to
pin to,

Which wuz th' ole homestead, which the
temp'ry leanto,

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Et fust he jedged twould right side-up his
pan

To come out ex a ridgenal Union man

But now " he sez, I aint nut quite so
fresk

The winnin horse is goin to be Secesh

You might las spring hev eas'ly walked
the course,

Fore we contrived to doctor th Union
horse

Now we're the ones to walk aroun the
nex track

Jes you take hold an read the follerin
extrac

Out of a letter I received last week

From an ole frien that never sprung a
leak,

A Nothun Democrat o th ole Jarsey blue

Born copper-sheathed an copper fastened
tu."

These four years past It hez ben tough
To say which side a feller went for
Guideposts all gone roads muddy n
rough

An nothin duin wut twuz meant for
Pleketts a-firin left an right,

Both sides a lettin rip et sight —

Life warn t wuth hardly payin rent for

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

“Columby gut her back up so,
It warn't no use a-tryin' to stop her,—
War's emptin's riled her very dough
An' made it rise an' act improper,
'Twuz full ez much ez I could du
To jes' lay low an' worry thru,
'Thout hevin' to sell out my copper

“Afore the war your mod'rit men
Could set an' sun 'em on the fences,
Cyph'rin' the chances up, an' then
Jump off which way bes' paid expenses,
Sence, 'twuz so resky ary way,
I didn't hardly darst to say
I 'greed with Paley's Evidences
[Groan from Deac'n G]

“Ask Mac ef tryin' to set the fence
Warn't like bein' rid upon a rail on't,
Headin' your party with a sense
O' bein' tipjint in the tail on't,
And tryin' to think thet, on the whole,
You kin' o' quasi your own soul
When Belmont's gut a bill o' sale on't?
[Three cheers for Grant and Sherman]

“Come peace, I sposed thet folks 'ould like
Their pol'tics done agin by proxy,
Give their noo loves the bag an' strike
A fresh trade with their reg'lar doxy,

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

But the drag's broke now slavery's gone
An there's gret risk they'll blunder on
Ef they ain't stopped to real Democracy

We've got an awful row to hoe
In this ere job o reconstructin
Folks dunno skurte which way to go
Where th aint some boghole to be ducked
In

But one thing's clear there is a crack
Ef we pry hard 'twixt white an black
Where the old makebate can be tucked in

No white man sets in aith's broad aisle
That I aint willin t own ez brother
An ef he's heppened to strike ile
I dunno sin'y but I'd ruther
An Paddies long z they vote all right
Though they ain't jest a nat'ral white
I hold one on em good z another
[Applause]

Wut is there lef' I'd like to know
Ef 'tain't the difference o colour
To keep up self-respec an show
The human natur of a fullah?
Wut good in bein white onless
It's fixed by law nut lef' to guess,
That we are smarter an they duller?

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

"Ef we're to hev our ekle rights,
'Twun't du to 'low no competition,
Th' ole debt doo us for bein' whites
Ain't safe onless we stop th' emission
O' these noo notes, whos' specie base
Is human natur', 'thout no trace
O' shape, nor colour, nor condition
[Continood applause]

"So fur I'd writ an' couldn' jedge
Aboard wut boat I'd best take pessige,
My brains all nuncemeat, 'thout no edge
Upon 'em more than tu a sessige,
But now it seems ez though I see
Sunthin' resemblin' an idee,
Sence Johnson's speech an' veto message

"I like the speech best, I confess,
The logic, preudence, an' good taste on't,
An' it's so mad, I ruther guess
There's some dependence to be placed
on't, [Laughter]
It's narrer, but 'twixt you an' me,
Out o' the allies o' J D
A temp'ry party can be based on't.

"Jes' to hold on till Johnson's thru
An' dug his Presidential grave is,
An' *then*!—who knows but we could slew
The country roun' to put in—?

MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Wun't some folks rare up when we pull
Out o' their eyes our Union wool
An' larn em wat a p'lticle shave is!

O did it seem, 'z ef Providence
Could ever send a second Tyler?
To see the South all back to once,
Respin the spiles o' the Freesiler
Is cute ez though an engineer
Should claim th' old iron for his sheer
Cox't was himself that bust the biler!"
[Gret laughter]

That tells the story! That's wat we sh'ull
git
By tryin' squirtguns on the burnin' Pit
For the day never comes when it'll du
To kick off Dooty like a worn-out shoe.
I seem to hear a whisperin' in the air
A sighin' like, of unconsolated despair
That comes from nowhere an' from every
where,
An' seems to say "Why died we? warn't
it, then
To settle, once for all, thet men wuz men?
Oh alrth's sweet cup snatched from us
barely tasted
The grave's real chill us feelin' life wuz
wasted!
Oh you wa lef' long-fingerin' et the door
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MR HOSEA BIGLOW'S SPEECH

Lovin' you best, coz we loved Her the more,
Thet Death, not we, had conquered, we
should feel

Ef she upon our memory turned her heel,
An' unregretful throwed(us all away
To flaunt it in a Blind Man's Holiday!"

My frien's, I've talked nigh on to long
enough

I hain't no call to bore ye coz ye're tough,
My lungs are sound, an' our own v'ice
delights

Our ears, but even kebbige-heads hez
rights

It's the las' time thet I shell e'er address
ye,

But you'll soon fin' some new tormentor
bless ye!

[Tumult'ous applause and cries of
"Go on!" "Don't stop!"]

My Love

I

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear
Her glorious fancies come from far
Beneath the silver evening-star
And yet her heart is ever near

II

Great feelings hath she of her own
Which lesser souls may never know
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow

III

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair
No simpleat duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

MY LOVE

IV

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise,
For nought that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes

V

She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth

VI

Blessing she is God made her so,
And deeds of weekday holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless

VII

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize,
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes

MY LOVE

VIII

She is a woman one in whom
The springtime of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

IX

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might
Which by high tower and lowly mill
Goes wandering at its own sweet will
And yet doth ever flow aright.

X

And on its full deep breast serene
Like quiet isles my duties lie
It flows around them and between
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die

The Street



They pass me by like shadows, crowds on
crowds,
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro,
Hugging their bodies round them, like thin
shrouds
Wherein their souls were buried long ago
They trampled on their youth, and faith,
and love,
They cast their hopes of human-kind away,
With Heaven's clear messages they madly
strove,
And conquered,—and their spirits turned
to clay
Lo! how they wander round the world,
their grave,
Whose ever-gaping maw by such is fed,
Gibbering at living men, and idly rave,
“We, only, truly live, but ye are dead”
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may
trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face!

Hunger and Cold



Sisters two all praise to you,
With your faces pinched and blue
To the poor man you've been true
 From of old
You can speak the keenest word,
You are sure of being heard,
From the point you're never stirred,
 Hunger and Cold!

Let sleek statesmen tamper
Palsied are their shifts and lies
When they meet your bloodshot eyes,
 Grim and bold
Policy you set at naught,
In their traps you'll not be caught
You're too honest to be bought
 Hunger and Cold!

Bolt and bar the palace door
While the mass of men are poor
Naked truth grows more and more
 Uncontrolled

HUNGER AND COLD

You had never yet, I guess,
Any praise for bashfulness,
You can visit sans court-dress,
Hunger and Cold!

(

While the music fell and rose,
And the dance reeled to its close,
Where her round of costly woes
Fashion strolled,
I beheld with shuddering fear
Wolves' eyes through the windows peer,
Little dream they you are near,
Hunger and Cold!

When the toiler's heart you clutch,
Conscience is not valued much,
He recks not a bloody smutch
On his gold
Everything to you defers,
You are potent reasoners,
At your whisper Treason stirs,
Hunger and Cold!

Rude comparisons you draw,
Words refuse to sate your maw,
Your gaunt limbs the cobweb law
Cannot hold
You're not clogged with foolish pride,
But can seize a right denied,

HUNGER AND COLD

Somehow God is on your side
Hunger and Cold!

You respect no heary wrong
More for having triumphed long
Its past victims, haggard throng
From the mould
You unbury swords and spears
Weaker are than poor men's tears,
Weaker than your silent years
Hunger and Cold!

Let them guard both hall and bower
Through the window you will glower
Patient till your reckoning hour
Shall be tolled
Cheeks are pale, but hands are red
Guiltless blood may chance be shed
But ye must and will be fed,
Hunger and Cold!

God has plans man must not spoil
Some were made to starve and toil
Some to share the wine and oil
We are told
Devil's theories are these,
Stifling hope and love and peace,
Framed your hideous lusts to please
Hunger and Cold!

HUNGER AND COLD

Scatter ashes on thy head,
Tears of burning sorrow shed,
Earth! and be by Pity led
 To Love's fold,
Ere they block the very door
With lean corpses of the poor,
And will hush for naught but gore,
 Hunger and Cold'

To the Dandelion *o* *o*

Dear common flower that growst be-
side the way
Fringing the dusty road with harmless
gold
First pledge of blithesome May
Which children pluck, and full of pride
uphold
High-hearted buccanniers o'erjoyed that
they
An Eldorado in the grass have found
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear
to me
Than all the prouder summer blooms
may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish
prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age to rob the lover's heart of ease
'Tis the Spring's largess which she
scatters now

TO THE DANDELION

To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand

To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy,
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime,
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time

Not in mid-June the golden-cuirassed
bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment

In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles
burst

Then think I of deep shadows on the
grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand
ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy
mass,

Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through

TO THE DANDELION

Some woodland gap and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb
doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are
linked with thee
The sight of thee calls back the robin's
song

Who from the dark old tree
Beside the door sang clearly all day long
And I secure in childish piety
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven which he
could bring
Fresh every day to my untaunted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were
happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou for all thy gold so common art!

Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty
gleam

Of heaven, and could some wondrous
secret show

Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom
look

On all these living pages of God's book.

Ode to France



FEBRUARY, 1848

I

As, flake by flake, the beetling avalanches
Build up their imminent crags of noise-
less snow,
Till some chance thrill the loosened ruin
launches,
And the blind havoc leaps unwarned
below,
So grew and gathered through the silent
years
The madness of a People, wrong by
wrong
There seemed no strength in the dumb
toiler's tears,
No strength in suffering, but the Past
was strong
The brute despair of trampled centuries
Leaped up with one hoarse yell and
snapped its bands,
Groped for its right with horny, callous
hands,

ODE TO FRANCE

And stand around for God with heart and
hand
What were it if those palms were all
too hard
For now do they stand fast and true
The
They who thick and close were round
Had clung with the fatal and
few
Hush with the murmurs and din
of men
Whose chosen few were met with
men
In the crowded hall and the
floor
Set many a fallen man
And they died not with
men

ii

They did as they were taught not the
thrust
If men who scattered far and
wide
They trampled the fallen with their
feet
And by her golden tresses drew
Merry along the pavement of the street
O Freedom! Freedom! in thy
dew



ODE TO FRANCE

Coarse was the hand that scrawled, and
 red the ink
 Rude was their scree as so is unlettered
 men —
 Wrenched with a hardman's at upon a
 block
 What marvel if when came the evening
 shock
 'Twas we not Crania bled it — and?

II

With eye averted and an awful self I can
 Leathingly plow the Moiré through
 some of stuff
 With me like the heart of Vespere —
 and down
 Throbs in its framework the still
 muffled knife
 Slow are the steps of freedom but her
 feet
 Turn never backward here no light
 glare
 Her light is calm and innocent and sweet
 And where it enters there is no dispute
 Not first on palace and cathedral floor
 Quivers and gleams that unconquering fire
 While there stand black against her
 morning sky
 The peasant sees it leap from peak to peak
 (2/7) 23 10

ODE TO FRANCE

Along his hills, the craftsman's burning
 eyes
Own with cool tears its influence mother-
 meek,
It lights the poet's heart up like a star,
Ah! while the tyrant deemed it still
 afar,
And twined with golden threads his futile
 snare,
That swift, convicting glow all round
 him ran,
'Twas close beside him there,
Sunrise, whose Memnon is the soul of
 man

V

O Broker-King, is this thy wisdom's fruit?
A dynasty plucked out as 'twere a weed
Grown rankly in a night, that leaves
 no seed!
Could eighteen years strike down no deeper
 root?
But now thy vulture eye was turned
 on Spain,
A shout from Paris, and thy crown falls
 off,
Thy race has ceased to reign,
And thou become a fugitive and scoff
Slippery the feet that mount by stairs
 of gold,

ODE TO FRANCE

And weakest of all fences one of steel
Go and keep school again like him of
old

The Syracusan tyrant —thou mayst feel
—Royal amid a burgh-swayed commonweal!

VI

Not long can he be ruler who allows
His time to run before him thou wast
naught

Soon as the strip of gold about thy brows
Was no more emblem of the People's
thought

Vain were thy bayonets against the foe
Thou hadst to cope with thou didst
wage

War not with Frenchmen merely —no
Thy strife was with the Spirit of the Age
The invisible Spirit whose first breath
divine

Scattered thy frail endeavour
And like poor last year's leaves whirled
thee and thine
Into the Dark for ever!

VII

Is here no triumph? Nay what though
The yellow blood of Trade meanwhile
should pour

ODE TO FRANCE

Along its arteries a shrunken flow,
And the idle canvas droop around the
shore?

These do not make a state,
Nor keep it great,
I think God made

The earth for man, not trade,
And where each humblest human creature
Can stand, no more suspicious or afraid,
Erect and kingly in his right of nature,
To heaven and earth knit with harmonious
ties,—

Where I behold the exultation
Of manhood glowing in those eyes
That had been dark for ages,
Or only lit with bestial loves and rages,
There I behold a Nation

The France which lies
Between the Pyrenees and Rhine

Is the least part of France,
I see her rather in the soil whose shine
Burns through the craftsman's grimy
countenance,

In the new energy divine
Of Foil's enfranchised glance

VIII

And if it be a dream,—
If the great Future be the little Past

ODE TO FRANCE

Neath a new mask, which drops and
shows at last

The same weird, mocking face to balk
and blast,—

Yet, Muse a gladder measure suits the
theme,

And the Tyrtæan harp

Loves notes more resolute and sharp

Throbbing as throbs the bosom hot and
fast

Such visions are of morning

There is no vague forewarning

The dreams which nations dream come
true,

And shape the world anew

If this be a sleep

Make it long make it deep

O Father who sendest the harvests men
reap!

While Labour so sleepeth

His sorrow is gone

No longer he weepeth,

But smileth and steepeth

His thoughts in the dawn

He heareth Hope yonder

Rain, lark like her fancies

His dreaming hands wander

'Mid heart's-ease and pansies

'Tis a dream! 'Tis a vision!"

• Shrieks Mammon aghast

ODE TO FRANCE

"The day's broad denison
Will chase it at last,
Ye are mad, ye have taken
A slumbering kraken
For firm land of the Past!"
Ah! if he awaken,
God shield us all then,
If this dream rudely shaken
Shall cheat him again!

IX

Since first I heard our North wind
blow,
Since first I saw Atlantic throw
On our fierce rocks his thunderous
snow,
I loved thee, Freedom, as a boy
The rattle of thy shield at Marathon
Did with a Grecian joy
Through all my pulses run,
But I have learned to love thee now
Without the helm upon thy gleaming
brow,
A maiden mild and undefiled
Like her who bore the world's redeeming
Child,
And surely never did thine altars
glance
With purer fires than now in France.

ODE TO FRANCE

While in their bright white flashes
Wrong's shadow backward cast,
Waves cowering o'er the ashes
Of the dead blaspheming Past
O'er the shapes of fallen giants
His own unburied brood
Whose dead hands clench defiance
At the overpowering Good
And down the happy future runs a flood
Of prophesying light
It shows an Earth no longer stained with
blood
Blossom and fruit where now we see
the bud
Of Brotherhood and Right.

A Parable



Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, My brethren, believe in
Me"

He passed not again through the gate of
birth,
But made Himself known to the 'children
of earth

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and
kings,

"Behold, now, the Giver of all good
things,

Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state
Him who alone is mighty and great"

With carpets of gold the ground they
spread

Wherever the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace chambers lofty and rare
They lodged Him, and served Him with
kingly fare

Great organs surged through arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of Him,

A PARABLE

And in church, and palace, and judgment hall

He saw His own image high over all

But still wherever His steps they led
The Lord in sorrow bent down His head
And from under the heavy foundation
stones

The Son of Mary heard bitter groans

And in church and palace, and judgment hall.

He marked great fissures that rent the wall.

And opened wider and yet more wide
As the living foundation heaved and
sighed.

Have ye founded your thrones and
altars then

On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the
poor?

With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced My sheep from their
Father's fold

I have heard the dropping of their tears
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

A PARABLE

“O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,
We build but as our fathers built,
Behold Thine images, how they stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our land

“Our task is hard,—with sword and flame
To hold Thine earth for ever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as thou leftest them, Thy sheep ”

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin

These set he in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment hem,
For fear of defilement, “Lo, here,” said
He,
“The images ye have made of Me!”

To Lamartine
1848



I did not praise thee when the crowd
 'Witched with the moment's inspira-
 tion,
Vexed thy still ether with hosannas loud
 And stamped their dusty adoration;
I but looked upward with the rest
And, when they shouted Greatest whis-
 pered Best.

They raised thee not, but rose to thee
 Their sickle wreaths about thee fling-
 ing
So on some marble Phœbus the bligh sea
 Might leave his worthless seaweed
 clinging
But pious hands, with reverent care
Make the pure limbs once more sublimely
 bare.

Now thou rt thy plain grand self again
 Thou art secure from panegyric,—
Thou who gav'st politics an epic strain
 And actedst Freedom's noblest lyric;

TO LAMARTINE, 1848

This side the Blessed Isles, no tree
Grows green enough to make a wreath
for thee

Nor can blame cling to thee, the snow
From swinish footprints takes no
staining,
But, leaving the gross soils of earth below,
Its spirit mounts, the skies regaining,
And unresentful falls again,
To beautify the world with dew and rain

The highest duty to mere man vouchsafed
Was laid on thee,—out of wild chaos,
When the roused popular ocean foamed
and chafed,
And vulture War from his Imaus
Snuffed blood, to summon homely Peace,
And show that only order is release

To carve thy fullest thought, what though
Time was not granted? Aye in his-
tory,
Like that Dawn's face which baffled Angelo
Left shapeless, grander for its mys-
tery,
Thy great Design shall stand, and day
Flood its blind front from Orients far
away

TO LAMARTINE 1848

Who says thy day is o'er? Control
My heart, that bitter first emotion
While men shall reverence the steadfast
soul

The heart in silent self-devotion
Breaking the mild heroic men
Thou'lt need no prop of marble Lamar
tine,

If France reject thee tis not thine
But her own exile that she utters
Ideal France, the deathless the divine
Will be where thy white pennon
flutters,

As once the nobler Athens went
With Aristides into banishment.

No fitting meteward hath To-day
For measuring spirits of thy stature
Only the Future can reach up to lay
The laurel on that lofty nature —
Bard who with some diviner art
Hast touched the bard's true lyre o
nation's heart.

Swept by thy hand the gladdened chords
Crashed now in discords fierce by
others
Gave forth one note beyond all skill of
words,

TO LAMARTINE, 1848

And chimed together, We are brothers
O poem unsurpassed! it ran
All round the world, unlocking man to
man

France is too poor to pay alone
The service of that ample spirit,
Paltry seem low dictatorship and throne,
If balanced with thy simple merit,
They had to thee been rust and loss,
Thy aim was higher,—thou hast climbed
a Cross!

Aladdin

When I was a beggarly boy
And lived in a cellar damp
I had not a friend nor a toy
But I had Aladdin's lamp
When I could not sleep for the cold
I had fire enough in my brain
And builded with roofs of gold
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night
I have money and power good store
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more.
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose
You gave and may snatch again
I have nothing twould pain me to lose
For I own no more castles in Spain!

Mahmood the Image- breaker

Old events have modern meanings, only
that survives
Of past history which finds kindred in all
hearts and lives

Mahmood once, the idol-breaker, spreader
of the Faith,
Was at Sumnat tempted sorely, as the
legend saith

In the great pagoda's centre, monstrous
and abhorred,
Granite on a throne of granite, sat the
temple's lord

Mahmood paused a moment, silenced by
the silent face
That, with eyes of stone unwavering,
awed the ancient place

Then the Brahmins knelt before him by
his doubt made bold,
Pledging for their idol's ransom countless
gems and gold.

Gold was yellow dirt to Mahmood but
of precious use,
Since from it the roots of power suck
a potent juice.

Were you stone alone in question this
would please me well "
Mahmood said but, with the block
there, I my truth must sell.

Wealth and rule slip down with Fortune
as her wheel turns round
He who keeps his faith he only cannot
be disrowned.

Little were a change of station loss
of life or crown
But the wreck were past retrieving if the
Man fell down."

So his iron mace he lifted smote with
might and main
And the idol, on the pavement tumbling
burst in twain.

MAHMOOD

Luck obeys the downright striker, from
the hollow core,
Fifty times the Brahmins' offer deluged
all the floor

' Ode recited '
at the Harvard
Commemoration,
July 21, 1865



1

Weak winged is song
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave deed clumbs for light
 We seem to do them wrong
Bringing our robin's leaf to deck their
 hearse
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler
 verse,
Our trivial song to honour those who
 come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump
 and drum
And shaped in squadron strophes their
 desire
Live battle odes whose lines were steel
 and fire
 Yet sometimes feathered words are
 strong

ODE RECITED AT THE

A gracious memory to buoy up and save
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common
grave
Of the unventurous throng

II

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes
back

Her wisest Scholars, those who under-
stood

The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,
And offered their fresh lives to make it
good

No lore of Greece or Rome,
No science peddling with the names of
things,

Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,
Can lift our life with wings
Far from Death's idle gulf that for the
many waits,

And lengthen out our dates
With that clear fame whose memory sings
In many hearts to come, and nerves
them and dilates

Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us
all !

Not such the trumpet-call
Of thy diviner mood,
That could thy sons entice

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

From happy homes and toils the fruitful
 neat
Of those half virtues which the world
 calls best
 Into War's tumult rude
 But rather far that stern device
The sponsors chose that round thy cradle
 stood
 In the dim unventured wood,
 The VERRAS that lurks beneath
 The letter's unprolific sheath,
Life of what'er makes life worth living
Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food,
One heavenly thing whereof earth hath
 the giving

III

Many loved Truth and lavished life's
 best oil
 And the dust of books to find her
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left
 behind her
 Many in sad faith sought for her
 Many with crossed hands sighed for
 her
But these our brothers fought for
 her
At life's dear peril wrought for her

ODE RECITED AT THE

So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness

 Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves
 are true,

And what they dare to dream of, dare
 to do,

 They followed her and found her
 Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's "sweetness
 round her

 Where faith made whole with deed
 Breathes its awakening breath
 Into the lifeless creed,
 They saw her plumed and mailed,
 With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on
 them in death

IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and
 glides

 Into the silent hollow of the past,
 What is there that abides
To make the next age better for the
 last?

 Is earth too poor to give us

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

Something to live for here that shall
outlive us?

Some more substantial boon
Than such as flows and ebbs with For-
tune's fickle moon?

The little^a that we see
From doubt is never free
The little that we do
Is but half-nobly true
With our laborious hiving
What men call treasure and the gods call
dross

Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving
Only secure in every one's conniving
A long account of nothing's paid with loss,
Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen
wires,

After our little hour of strut and rave,
With all our pasteboard passions and
desires

Loves hates, ambitions and immortal
fires,
Are tossed pell mell together in the
grave.

But stay! no age was e'er degenerate,
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate
For in our likeness still we shape our
fate.

Ah there is something here
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer

ODE RECITED AT THE

Something that gives our feeble light
A high immunity from Night,
Something that leaps life's narrow bars
To claim its birthright with the hosts of
 heaven,
A seed of sunshine that doth leaven
Our earthly dulness with the beams of
 stars,
 And glorify our clay
With light from fountains older than
 the Day,
A conscience more divine than we,
A gladness fed with secret tears,
A vexing, forward-reaching sense
Of some more noble permanence,
 A light across the sea,
Which haunts the soul and will not
 let it be,
Still glimmering from the heights of un-
 degenerate years

V

Whither leads the path
To ampler fates that leads?
Not down through flowery meads,
To reap an aftermath
Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
But up the steep, amid the wrath
And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way
And every turf the fierce foot clings to
 bleeds.

Peace hath her not ignoble wreath
Ere yet the sharp decisive word
Light the black lips of cannon, and the
 sword

Dreams in its caseful sheath
But some day the live coal behind the
 thought

Whether from Baal a stone obscene
Or from the shrine serene
Of God's pure altar brought,
Bursts up in flame the war of tongue and
 pen

Learns with what deadly purpose it was
 fraught,
And helpless in the fiery passion caught
Shakes all the pillared state with shock
 of men

Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed
Confronts us fiercely foe-beset pursued,
And cries reproachful Was it, then
 my praise

And not myself was loved? Prove now
 thy truth

I claim of thee the promise of thy youth
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
The victim of thy genius, not its mate.

ODE RECITED AT THE

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate,
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's
solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his
birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he
needs

VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and
burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honoured
urn
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

Repeating us by rote
For him her Old World moulds aside she
threw

And, choosing sweet clay from the
breast,

Of the unexhausted West
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God
and true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed
Who loved his charge, but never loved
to lead

One whose meek flock the people joyed
to be,

Not lured by any cheat of birth
But by his clear-grained human worth
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

They knew that outward grace is dust
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill

And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again
and thrust.

His was no lonely mountain-peak of
mind

Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy
bars

A sea-mark now now lost in vapours
blind

ODE RECITED AT THE

Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human
kind,

Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest
stars

Nothing of Europe¹ here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward
still,

Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will,
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with
us face to face

I praise him not, it were too late,
And some innate weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate

So always firmly he
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide
Great captains, with their guns and
drums,

Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes,
These all are gone, and, standing like
a tower,

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

Our children shall behold his fame
The kindly-earnest brave foreseeing
man

Sagacious patient dreading praise not
blame.

New birth of our new soil the first
American.

VII

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern
Or only guess some more inspiring
goal

Outside of Self enduring as the pole
Along whose course the flying axes burn
Of spirits bravely pitched earth's manlier
brood

Long as below we cannot find
The meed that stills the inexorable mind
So long this faith to some Ideal Good
Under whatever mortal names it makes
Freedom Law Country this ethereal
mood

That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks
Feeling its challenged pulses leap
While others skulk in subterfuges cheap
And set in Danger's van has all the boon
it asks,

Shall win man's praise and woman's love
Shall be a wisdom that we set above

ODE RECITED AT THE

All other skills and gifts to culture dear,
A virtue round whose forehead we en-
wreathe

Laurels that with a living passion breathe
When other crowns grow, while we twine
them, sear

What brings us thronging these high
rites to pay,
And seal these hours the noblest of our
year,
Save that our brothers found this better
way?

VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and
milk,
But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as
silk.

We welcome back our bravest and our
best!—
Ah me! not all! some come not with the
rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any
here!
I strive to mix some gladness with my
strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

I sweep them for a psalm but they wane

Again and yet again

Into a dirge, and die away in pain

In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,

Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb
turf wraps,

Dark to the triumph which they died to
gain

Fitter may others greet the living

For me the past is unforgiving

I with uncovered head

Salute the sacred dead

Who went, and who return not.—Say not
so!

'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay

But the high faith that failed not by the
way

Virtue treads paths that end not in the
grave

No bar of endless night exiles the brave

And to the saner mind

We rather seem the dead that stayed
behind.

Blow trumpets all your exultations blow!

For never shall their aureoled presence
lack

I see them muster in a gleaming row

With ever youthful brows that nobler show

We find in our dull road their shining
track

ODE RECITED AT THE

In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good
Of all our saintlier aspiration,
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted
ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!

IX

But is there hope to save
Even this ethereal essence from the
grave?
What ever 'scaped Oblivion's subtle
wrong
Save a few clarion names, or golden threads
of song?
Before my musing eye
The mighty ones of old sweep by,
Disvoicèd now and insubstantial things,
As noisy once as we, poor ghosts of
kings,
Shadows of empire wholly gone to dust,
And many races, nameless long ago,
To darkness driven by that imperious
gust
Of ever-rushing Time that here doth
blow

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

O visionary world condition strange,
Where naught abiding is but only
Change,
Where the deep-bolted stars themselves
still shift and range!
• Shall we to more continuance make
pretence?
Renown builds tombs a life-estate is Wit
And, bit by bit,
The cunning years steal all from us but
woe
Leaves are we, whose decays no harvest
sow
But when we vanish hence,
Shall they lie forceless in the dark below?
Save to make green their little length
of sods,
Or deepen pansies for a year or two
Who now to us are shining-sweet as
gods?
Was dying all they had the skill to do?
That were not fruitless but the Soul
resents
Such short-lived service as if blind events
Ruled without her or earth could so
endure
She claims a more divine investiture
Of longer tenure than Fame's airy rents
Whatever she touches doth her nature
share

ODE RECITED AT THE

Her inspiration haunts the ennobled air,
Gives eyes to mountains blind,
Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the
wind,

And her clear trump sings succour every-
where

By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful mind,
For soul inherits all that soul could dare

Yea, Manhood hath a wider span
And larger privilege of life than man
The single deed, the private sacrifice,
So radiant now through proudly-hidden
tears,

Is covered up erelong from mortal eyes
With thoughtless drift of the deciduous
years,

But that high privilege that makes all
men peers,

That leap of heart whereby a people rise
Up to a noble anger's height,

And, flamed on by the Fates, not shrink,
but grow more bright,

That swift validity in noble veins
Of choosing danger and disdaining
shame,

Of being set on flame

By the pure fire that flies all contact
base,

But wraps its chosen with angelic might,
These are imperishable gains,

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

Sure as the sun medicinal as light
These hold great futures in their lusty
reins

And certify to earth a new Imperial race.

•

X

Who now shall sneer?

Who dare again to say we trace

Our lines to a plebeian race?

Roundhead and Cavalier!

Dumb are those names erewhile in battle
loud

Dream footed as the shadow of a cloud

They flit across the ear

That is best blood that hath most iron in it

To edge resolve with pouring without
stint

For what makes manhood dear

Tell us not of Plantagenets,

Hapsburgs and Guelfs, whose thin bloods
crawl

Down from some victor in a border brawl!

How poor their outworn coronets

Matched with one leaf of that plain civic
wreath

Our brave for honour's blazon shall be-
queath

Through whose desert a rescued Nation
sets

ODE RECITED AT THE

Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears
Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen
ears

With vain resentments and more vain
regrets!

c

XI

Not in anger, not in pride,
Pure from passion's mixture rude,
Ever to base earth allied,
But with far-heard gratitude,
Still with heart and voice renewed,
To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,
The strain should close that consecrates
our brave

Lift the heart and lift the head!
Lofty be its mood and grave,
Not without a martial ring,
Not without a prouder tread
And a peal of exultation
Little right has he to sing
Through whose heart in such an
hour

Beats no march of conscious power,
Sweeps no tumult of elation!
'Tis no Man we celebrate,
By his country's victories great,
A hero half, and half the whim of
Fate,

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

But the pith and marrow of a
Nation

Drawing force from all her men
Highest, humblest, weakest all
For her time of need and then
Pulsing it again through them,

Till the basest can no longer cower
Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall
Touched but in passing by her mantle
hem.

Come back, then noble pride, for 'tis her
dower!

How could poet ever tower
If his passions, hopes, and fears,
If his triumphs and his tears,
Kept not measure with his people?

Boom cannon boom to all the winds and
waves!

Clash out glad bells, from every rocking
steeple!

Banners advance with triumph bend your
staves!

And from every mountain-peak
Let beacon-fire to answering beacon
speak,

Katahdin tell Monadnock Whiteface
he

And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
Till the glad news be sent
Across a kindling continent

ODE RECITED AT THE

Making earth feel more firm and air breathe
braver

“Be proud! for she is saved, and all have
helped to save her!

She that lifts up the manhood of the
poor,

She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all
mankind!

The fire is dreadful in her eyes no
more,

From her bold front the helm she doth
unbind,

Sends all her handmaid armies back
to spin,

And bids her navies, that so lately hurled
Their crashing battle, hold their thun-
ders in,

Swimming like birds of calm along
the unharmed shore

No challenge sends she to the elder
world,

That looked askance and hated, a
light scorn

Plays o'er her mouth, as round her
mighty knees

She calls her children back, and
waits the morn

Of nobler day, enthroned between her
subject seas ”

HARVARD COMMEMORATION

XII

Bow down dear Land, for thou hast found
release!

Thy God, in these distempered days
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of
His ways,

And through thine enemies hath wrought
thy peace!

Bow down in prayer and praise!
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfran-
chised brow

O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dimmed
hair

O'er such sweet brows as never other
wore,

And letting thy set lips,

Freed from wrath's pale eclipse

The rosy edges of their smile lay bare
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it
Among the Nations bright beyond com-
pare?

What were our lives without thee?

What all our lives to save thee?

We reckon not what we gave thee

We will not dare to doubt thee

But ask whatever else, and we will dare!